

The Nation.

NEW YORK, THURSDAY, JULY 18, 1872.

The Week.

MR. GREELEY has been formally notified of his nomination by the Democrats, and accepted without many words, referring the committee and the party to his letter accepting the Cincinnati nomination. His managers are full believers in the doctrine held by many of our statesmen, that good and available candidates among us masses must either be born naturals, or are at once, on nomination, stricken by heaven with such imbecility that they must at all costs keep their mouths shut. The candidate was, however, allowed to say a few words to the committee on the following day when they visited him, but the speech was about farming at Chappaqua, and vindicated the Sage from the charge of wasting money in fancy farming. He said his wife wanted him to get a place with a cascade and a spring, and that was why he purchased in that vicinity, and not because he calculated on making money. The *Times* correspondent who was with the party says that when the committee came up to the spring to drink, a man had to be stationed there with a stick to drive away the bull-frogs, which abound; but the *Times* is prejudiced in these matters.

That the Greeley strength has increased until it is now absolutely overwhelming, so that only obstinacy and a dogged and blind desire to be unbeneficent to the South keep Grant still in the field, we have the authority and evidence of the *Tribune*. Everybody is for Greeley and Brown, the *Tribune* says, except the office-holders and the enemies of their brethren. It is preparing its readers, we see, for a possible defeat in North Carolina by articles which declare that although Grant men are demoralized, the Greeley men enthusiastic, the Administration pouring in money by the hundred thousand dollars, every Southern State but South Carolina sure for Greeley and Brown, yet it may nevertheless be that local issues may so govern the people's political action in August that North Carolina may go for the Republicans now, though certain to go against them in November. We ourselves cannot tell our readers how much money has gone into North Carolina. We advise them to believe that less has gone in than the *Tribune* is saying, for we are not admirers of the way in which the *Tribune* is at present conducted, and do not find ourselves believing all it says nowadays. And we advise them to believe that more money has gone there than the *Times* or Marshal Carrow would seem to desire us to suppose. Everything indicates a sharp struggle in that State and a dubious result, though, as things stand, the Regular Republicans are likelier to beat than their opponents. It is the gong that is to be beaten up here, and very thoroughly that labor is performed; down there it is the enemy in the field, and that is another matter.

Governor Gratz Brown, being at the Commencement dinner at Yale last week, was invited to address his fellow-alumni, and did so. He said that Yale must improve her methods of instruction; she needed fewer recitations and closer communication between tutors and pupils; she should go to the West to be taught how to teach; Missouri could teach her, and the West in general was further advanced than the East in matters of education; the reason of this was that the West had got ideas from Germany rather than from the Atlantic States. These remarks brought up the President, Dr. Porter, who remarked that the authorities of the college might put Mr. Brown upon one of the examining committees next spring, when he would learn what had been done at Yale during the twenty-five years since he had visited New Haven. To this Mr. Brown replied that he expected to be in other business next spring. After this Professor Sumner spoke, briefly recounting some of the changes and improvements which have made Yale so different an institution from the Yale of 1845, and the subject was therewith dropped.

Considering that the Commencement dinner is an occasion when college men meet to shake hands, to remind each other of old times, to hear about the condition of the college, and devise means of increasing its prosperity—to renew their own youth and their Alma Mater's; and considering that the conciliation of the German Vote and the Hoosier Vote and other Votes is commonly tabooed at these gatherings, and thought to be not just the thing; and considering that Mr. Brown, as it appears, was but ill-informed as to the educational condition of the college, this advent of his into the canvass of the East may be called felicitous—creditable to his good sense and good information and good taste. In the evening the candidate was serenaded, and made a speech, in which he said that in the November election General Grant would perhaps not carry three States of the Union, and that Horace Greeley is the ablest man in this country. Time was, in American politics, that the man who went about with any appearance of eagerness in seeking for high office, injured his chances in proportion as he appeared to be craving and importunate. This would appear to be the case no longer. All "records," it seems, are to be forgotten, and all proprieties of time and place disregarded, in pushing one's personal claims.

Now that President Grant is up for re-election, is it too much to expect that he will pay a trifle more attention than formerly to the expostulations of people who have begged him to get rid of Mr. George H. Butler? What with his dancing girls and his capacity for brawling and drinking and slander and general indecency, he has been a disgrace to us ever since his excellent uncle secured him his position, and now, at this present writing, we have him figuring in a shooting affray in the streets of Alexandria. There appears to be a fatality attending both the Butlers, in virtue of which they are sure to bring to mortification and open shame all who have anything to do with them except in the way of opposing them, and the younger one in particular has had a career of unredeemed scandals. For the information of Greeley journalists, for whom we foresee great anguish of mind when they read of this last brawl, we would remind them that at the time of the unsavory McFarland mess, when Mr. A. D. Richardson of the *Tribune* was shot, and Mr. George Butler had just got his appointment, a supper was given at the Astor House to the new consul-general. His character was just as well known to New York journalists then as it is now; he was notorious as a blackguard; and nobody who had the opportunity of knowing him thought him anything but a most unfit person for the place. Yet the most noted gentleman who was present at the "ovation to a distinguished journalist" and who, we think, presided for a part of the time at least, was the present Liberal Republican and Democratic candidate for the Presidency. He wouldn't make any such appointments. Butler at Alexandria is not a pleasing spectacle, we agree; and we can all agree, we trust, that Butler receiving complimentary suppers in New York with Mr. Greeley in the chair or at the table is not very pleasing either; nor one that need elate the Reformer.

The canvass in the Northwest has been opened by Ex-Governor Blair, of Michigan, in behalf of Greeley and Brown, and in the Central West by Mr. Bingham, of Ohio, in behalf of Grant, Mr. Blair being a "Great War Governor," and Mr. Bingham an impassioned orator, fairly "magnetic." Governor Blair brought out some facts which have been singularly overlooked thus far, and which the future historian of the Cincinnati movement will do well to make a note of. He said that Greeley's nomination "fell upon the country as a surprise. Nobody expected that a man like Greeley would get the nomination. They expected that a few political bummers and tricksters would go down there and nominate one of their number," instead of a great and good man. Governor Blair himself shared the general incredulity. When told by some person before the Convention met that Greeley was the best candidate and would stand a good chance, "Why," says he, "I looked

on that man with surprise—just as if he had come along with some circus or show." So did we, we remember, though some of our political friends in this city advised us to bet our money on Greeley and the Hutchins delegation. While Greeley has been "a Reformer from the day he began life, and a powerful reform writer," Charles Francis Adams, says the Governor, "has not the hold on the hearts of the laboring classes of the country," and his "whole family is a family of office-seekers," one of the sons "wanting to be Governor of Massachusetts" and "to be President as soon as he gets old enough." Turning to the Administration, Governor Blair said that, "as a whole, it is simply damnable." He was especially severe on the Postmaster-General, and announced his intention "to meet the people face to face, and ask them whether they will be *particeps criminis* with this scoundrel Cresswell." He quoted with satisfaction from Daniel Webster the sentiment that "we want a change for the sake of a change," and concluded by crying "Down with the corruptionists! Perish all rings! Hurrah for Horace Greeley!"—words which find an echo in the hundred-gun salute fired last week in the City Hall Park as "Tammany's response to the Baltimore nominations." On the whole, if the Governor is as good a prophet as he is an historian and observer, he will sweep the Northwest like a prairie fire, and Greeley and Brown will be elected long before November.

Mr. Bingham spoke the simple truth when he said that "Horace Greeley was not selected by his party as their standard-bearer because he possessed any eminent fitness for the Presidency of the United States," and that it was the South which nominated him at Baltimore. He reviewed effectively, though he mentioned but a tithe of them, the errors of judgment and of conduct by which Mr. Greeley's war record stands fatally disfigured, and held him up as the Southern favorite on account of his early admission of the right of secession. He made a good point in saying that "nothing has been taken back by the Democratic party by accepting the Cincinnati platform," and that what is wanted of the Democrats is that they shall expressly "reject the principles heretofore announced and acted upon by themselves"—not merely give in their adhesion to principles against which they have up to this time contended, and avowedly give it because "with Greeley we can win." Mr. Bingham was less happy in his defence of Grant and his Administration; indeed, it is not unfair to say that he made a very poor fist of it. Grant's nepotism was reduced to his having kept his aged parent in a small post-office, and then justified by this piece of unseemly puerility: "The President has respect for that law given of God to man, and of universal and perpetual obligation: 'Honor thy father and thy mother, that thy days may be long in the land which the Lord thy God giveth thee.'" "The law given of God to man" also tells man that gift-taking corrupts a ruler, and that Eli lost his office because he would not rebuke the bad conduct in office of his relatives Hophni and Phinehas, and tells him many other things useful to be remembered but which it is best to keep off the stump. As for San Domingo, Mr. Bingham wisely made no allusion to it, though in speaking of the administration of foreign affairs he had the fatuity to praise the negotiation of the Washington Treaty.

One passage in Mr. Bingham's speech may have been misreported, but it would still be false in its intention, and deserves to be exposed. It is the one in which he is represented as having asserted that "during the four years of Andrew Johnson's Administration, with taxation at the rate of nearly \$100,000,000 a year more than at any time since Ulysses S. Grant entered upon the duties of his office, he only made out to pay \$13,000,000 of the principal of the funded debt." Now, Mr. David A. Wells showed in these columns, only three months ago (*Nation* of April 18), on the testimony of the Hon. Geo. S. Boutwell and Secretary McCulloch, that while Grant's Administration had in the three years March 1, 1869-1872, paid off \$299,649,762 of the national debt, the Johnson Administration reduced the debt in three years and seven months by the sum of at least \$470,230,000. Mr. Bingham, bringing down the reduction to

the first of the present month, puts the Grant reduction at only \$333,000,000 in three years and four months, and would have us believe that "it is without a parallel in history." He should reflect that if he continues to repeat this fable, he is likely any day to be put to shame by some one of his listeners; and if he persists in giving Grant all the credit of reducing the taxes, he may be confronted by the fact (to quote Mr. Wells again), that "by far the greater proportion of the reductions of the war-taxes made since 1865 was the result of legislation before Grant assumed office." So we should hear no more of this sort of thing:

"When he [Grant] came to the chair in 1869, a great debt, a part of the price paid for the nation's life in the struggle against the rebellion, had been incurred and was not perceptibly reduced. . . . The problem to be solved was, how to reduce the burdens of taxation upon the people and reduce at the same time the debt of the nation, and thereby maintain its credit. He set himself quietly to the work without noise, without parade," etc., etc.

The fact is it is the American Congress that plans our taxation—not very wisely; and it is the American people—which does not grumble enough—that pays them.

Throughout this last three or four months of political conventions, explanation of records, changing of sides, and so on, Senator Sumner has occupied a position which may be described as sedulously non-committal, except on the one point of his profound dislike of General Grant and his determination not to support him. For the President he has a true antipathy, due, no doubt, to the natures of the two men, neither of whom is capable of appreciating what of goodness and greatness there is in the other, and Mr. Sumner, for one, being very much alive to the bad qualities of a man who holds Mr. Sumner in disesteem. Mr. Sumner never forgets that he is Mr. Sumner, and General Grant has on several occasions shown that if he remembered that fact, it had a different signification to his mind from that which it had to Mr. Sumner's. He now tells Mr. L. U. Reavis, that as between Mr. Greeley and "one who shall be nameless," he is earnest for Mr. Greeley. Why Grant is "one who shall be nameless," it would be curious to know. Perhaps because of a circumstance which naturally must have exasperated the Senator very much, and which he imparted the other day to Ex-Senator Shields: it is the negro for whom Mr. Sumner is anxious; it is on the negro's account that he hesitates to go over to the Democrats; the safety of the black man is with him the primary, almost the sole consideration; but the negro writes to him that with Grant he feels secure, and has recently complimented the Senator by telling him, *apropos* of some speech in advocacy of the negro's civil rights in theatres, cemeteries, and so forth, that "he must be Grant's brother," he thinks so much of the colored man. This naturally is a little too much. But probably it will not long prevent Mr. Sumner from coming out for Greeley. Grant is no different from what he was; and silence on Mr. Sumner's part is neither so dignified in him nor so efficacious against his enemy as speech will be.

The Orangemen—four or five policemen to each Orangeman—marched in procession last Friday without disturbance. All the contention was done previously, either in the office of the *Irish Democrat*, or in a convenient lager-bier saloon where negotiations looking towards peace were carried on by "General" Meany and a friend on behalf of the Ribbonmen, and an exile, Wemyss Jobson, Esq., and a Mr. Johnson, the Protestant leader, on the part of the Saxon and Far Downer. A proposal that Mr. Jobson should visit Canada for the purpose of fighting duels with the Meany faction was, if we are to believe the General, the only definite upshot of these negotiations, and he adds with great significance, in a published correspondence, that he did not observe, when this plan was broached, that Mr. Jobson showed any alacrity in putting his hands into his pockets to defray the expenses of the journey to her Majesty's dominions. The General did not advance this Canadian proposition, we should inform the reader, as being a peaceful solution of the question at issue; he simply felt compelled to come

to a rupture with a man who could stand up to his face, in his own newspaper office, and avow himself "the hired traducer and defamer of Thomas Francis Meagher"—Meagher of the Sword. That was why he challenged Jobson; and, if we recollect, he requested Jobson later in the proceedings to leave the office of the *Democrat*. As for the remark about the expenses, that, we suppose, points to lethargy on Mr. Jobson's part when the idea of the duel was brought into prominence. The Jobson side, however, say that they paid for the lager-bier which was drunk and also for the brandy, and allege that the Meany side were very weak-kneed; they not only offered to march in the Orange procession bearing a green flag in token of amity and benevolence, but, to the best of the Jobson side's knowledge and belief, if their side had stayed, and continued paying for the brandy-and-water, the Meany side would soon have been offering to wear orange sashes in the procession, and to engage themselves, by the virtue of their oaths, to applaud the tune of "Croppies, Lie Down," and request the musicians to play it over again. Each of the parties to the negotiation now represents the other as being the one that first began to knuckle, and each wishes the thought to perish that it ever entertained the idea of yielding to the other.

The Stokes-Fisk case has ended for the present in a disagreement of the jury, who, after being out sixty-odd hours, reported themselves unable to unite upon a verdict. Apparently a minority of them were not satisfied that there had been sufficient premeditation, and the prosecution certainly failed to show that there had been any such pursuit of Fisk as his friends in the newspapers asserted at the time. The trial has been of some value in showing us once more a picture of the sort of tyranny under which we have been living. Fisk's and Stokes's mistress testifies that the assault upon Mr. Dorman Eaton, a highly respectable lawyer of this city, which left him for dead, was procured by Fisk, who had failed to frighten him by blackmailing affidavits; another witness testifies that Stokes, when in his company, was dogged by roughs; Fisk tells Stokes that he "has graves for his men" when they drive him to take extreme measures with them; and that he can "railroad Stokes into State prison"; a Supreme Court judge, who no doubt is relied upon to do the railroading, sits by conversing with a woman of ill-repute when this threat is made; Fisk is shot on the public staircase of a hotel, and one doctor who attends him talks to another of "punching at him for half an hour" to find the ball; Tweed and Gould, his partners in many of his enterprises, are quick to reach his bedside in his last hours, and he is kept insensible with narcotic medicines. "Verily he died as the fool dieth," and in conformity with his life. His last moments, by the way, recall those of the late County Auditor Watson of the Ring, who, being mortally wounded in the streets, was hurried away and carefully shut up from his friends till he died, and with him much of his knowledge.

The *Herald* published on Monday a batch of letters from its correspondent Stanley, covering the period from September 20, 1871, to March 12 of the present year. They have been substantially anticipated by the telegraphic résumé previously sent from London, except in regard to the connection of Lake Tanganyika with the Nile. It now appears that it is not certain that such a connection does not exist. "The western coast has not all been explored; and there is reason to suppose that a river runs out of the Tanganyika through the deep caverns of Kabogo far underground and out on the western side of Kabogo into the Lualaba [Chambeze] or the Nile." The Lualaba Dr. Livingstone descended as far as latitude 4° S., that is, within one degree of the limit assigned by Baker to the southern watershed of the Nile. This interval, now that he has been re-equipped by Mr. Stanley, he has hopes of exploring in the course of the next two years, besides a large tract of country to the west and south of Tanganyika, offering numerous points of interest. The *Herald's* expedition has not only thus given him

a fresh start, which he greatly needed, but will probably secure him hereafter a prompt and regular communication with the coast. He is described as being hale and hearty, and as capable of fatigue as ever. For six months he was laid up with ulcers in his feet, but there is no confirmation of the report that he had been crippled by a buffalo, nor of that other rumor which has obtained some vogue in London, that his unwillingness to return to England was due to his having taken for a second wife a native woman.

The disappointments of the French Right are evidently increasing. Defeated in the late elections, they have vainly applied for a kind of redress to M. Thiers. The President of the Republic has given them in his reply less than no comfort. His present interpretation of "the compact of Bordeaux" seems to imply the obligation, not of passive allegiance to the Republic, but of actively defending and maintaining it. M. Gambetta has become his eulogizer, and the *Journal des Débats* his ally. The ablest monarchical contributors to this paper, Saint-Marc-Girardin, Auguste Léo, and Eugène Duseuille, have been obliged to announce their withdrawal from it, the first-named after forty-five years of distinguished co-operation. The birthday anniversary of General Hoche, that model of a plebeian and republican officer in the eyes of the French Democrats, being celebrated, a few weeks ago, at Versailles, near which the hero was born, the self-styled Conservatives not only had to swallow a speech of Gambetta's which extorted admiration from the *Gaulois* itself, but also a letter of the President, eulogizing the deeds and character of the Revolutionary general, and closing with these words: "They form noble examples for future generations, which will know, I trust, how to imitate the manly virtues of their fathers, and to place our new Republic on an unshakable foundation." The discussions on taxation in the Assembly have become very stormy, and graver conflicts between M. Thiers and the Monarchs are apprehended.

Indications are multiplying to the effect that the Chancellor of the German Empire, provoked by the more and more developed hostility of the Ultramontanes, has determined, and determined with his wonted energy, to carry the war into Africa—that is, into the domain of the Church of Rome—and thus to renew to a degree the conflicts to which the rival pretensions of the Papal and Imperial powers gave rise in the Middle Ages. His recent utterance, made in the Reichstag, that he and his Emperor were not going to go "to Canossa"—to do penitence before Pius IX. as Henry IV. did before Hildebrand—has been received and applauded in Germany in an aggressive sense, for Bismarck is not considered the man to boast of passive resistance. Nor have semi-official comments to the famous phrase been wanting, confirmatory of that popular interpretation. The most important of them has been furnished by the well-inspired *Norddeutsche Allgemeine Zeitung*. According to this paper, the new warfare foreshadowed by the powerful statesman now again rusticating at Varzin means interference, in one way or another, in the next Papal election, because this "can be no matter of indifference to any government ruling over Catholic subjects," and "such governments are bound conscientiously to examine whether they can approve the choice made," the elected person claiming "rights, which from certain points of view, approach sovereignty itself." The announced visit at Berlin of the Emperor of Austria, who is to be accompanied by Count Andrassy, is naturally brought into connection with these presumed schemes of Bismarck, but whether justly, the future must show. Meantime, the Italian Liberals view with a sort of simple amazement this serious manifestation of interest in an event which may be very remote, and which, whether near or remote, is to them a matter of almost complete indifference. Dwelling in the midst of such a feeling, they admit that the Roman Curia tends to become "more arbitrary, furious, and blind in its action," and "finds no incentive to hope for salvation in anything but war to the knife." For all that, be the new Pope a Boniface VIII. or a Benedict XIV., it is no concern of the Italian people or Government.

THE HISTORIC DEMOCRACY.

WITHOUT a natural basis and a logical development, the Democratic party could never have held power almost unbrokenly through two generations. Forty-four years, then again for twelve, once more for four, and in its last period for a term of eight, it has been sustained by popular approval. Such vitality in a party must be fed from deep sources of sympathy in a people. It was the party of the nation's youth, born in the aurora of a new light for the world—the party of progress against tradition, of onward-looking hope against timid experience. Jefferson's famous inaugural only formulated the creed he has the credit of inventing. Condensed out of generalities, and reduced from theory to working precepts, that creed prescribes for the individual the greatest freedom consistent with others' equal freedom; for Government, distribution of power to its widest safe limit; and, as a corollary peculiar to our complex system, sharp distinction and firm conservation respectively of State and Federal authority. The political history of the country, commented by the flux and reflux of the vote for President, shows how long and faithfully the Democratic party guided its action by those principles. Its fierce revolt against Adams's alien and sedition laws, its jealousy under Jackson of moneyed power, its sturdy resistance to Clay's American system of incidentally helping the few to the harm of the many—above all, the rout of nullification and those strict constructions of the Constitution which gave effect to all these demonstrations of its power—are a few instances in the record of honorable fidelity to its ideal of the national welfare. The party has always been keen to interpret and prompt to flatter the popular wish, nor has it often wanted the leadership of eminent intellect. As its power culminated in the designation by Jackson of his successor when, enthroned at Washington, and buttressed on the one hand by the Albany Regency, and on the other by the Richmond Junta, it enlisted hard Northern sense and Southern political skill for its maintenance, its ascendancy in national politics seemed assured for many years.

It was forfeited through faults inherent in the structure of the party. It was not a want of truth to its fundamental principles that destroyed it, but the carrying out of those principles rigidly to their logical conclusion, without any allowance for the growing political intelligence of the world or for the changed circumstances of the state. The first grave mistake made by the Democratic party was a generous one, but it was fatal, because it weakened the power of correcting future missteps. It surrendered to mere numbers that control in political affairs which should have been refused to the absolutely illiterate. This extension of the suffrage was logical, no doubt, and liberal, but it was an irreparable mistake. Theorists may talk as they please of the exercise of the voting function as an education in itself. Doubtless it is, but let the ignorant master their primer first. The choice of school trustees and road commissioners in their several districts would have taught the personal meaning and local bearing of the ballot, and prepared them by sure degrees for the delicate duty of choosing legislators, which they now misperform as blind partisan proxies. And the gravest of all errors in this category, both for themselves and the state—a blunder amounting to a crime—was committed by the Democratic party when it flung the judicial office into the scramble. The increased party strength to which this just principle of individual freedom unwisely lent itself deserted the contrivers. The general suffrage weapon shows a black as well as a white edge. And such mischiefs have ensued of unprincipled combinations among electors and unworthy choice of the elected, that the shame and the loss of prestige and the abandonment of patriotic supporters far outweigh any gain to the Democratic party from this capital mistake. Again, the party has carried the policy of distribution of power far beyond its necessary or safe limits. For the selfish perfecting of party tactics, they have reduced the Executive of the General Government to a mere tool of a senatorial oligarchy. It does not excuse them that others better the bad lesson they set. In deference to a false view of equality, they have stripped the Go-

vernors of States of their useful functions, one after another, and deprived the judicial office of all its dignity. When authority is thus dissipated, what else takes its place? Obviously, allegiance to party. The mass of mankind must have some power, above themselves in some way, to respect. Above the common level to which the judicial, the executive, and the legislative seats are cast down, rises the power of party. Discipline usurps the place of reverence. Independent thought and speech are lashed as insubordination, and party cohesion is preserved by the distribution of offices, high and low, through a few political hucksters. The outcome of all this is the immoral axiom that "to the victors belong the spoils," and the counter-cry for civil-service reform, to which the Democratic party has made itself wilfully and incurably deaf. Once more, it is within the memory of all how the party has defeated its own ends and destroyed its remaining power by pushing to the extreme its fundamental doctrine of State rights. It seems scarcely credible that the statesman whose firmness extinguished the Calhoun heresy should have been the President of the same party which cheered the non-resistance palaver of its chief twenty-eight years later, while its present head was for permitting secession. It would have been impossible, in spite of the corrupting influences already noted, but for the stifling embrace of another power, hostile in its nature and ideas to true Democracy. The parasite of slavery rooted itself in that vigorous party growth, and, while lending it a false show of strength, drained away its life.

We are not among those who can look at the rosters of the Union regiments and call the Democratic party of that day, as a whole, false to the country. It had not then officially approved the disunion notions professed by the man whom it to-day hails as leader. But because as an organization it was halting and double-tongued, and but half turned its back on its revolted associates, multitudes of its strong men abandoned it for the party which gave to their love for the Union a freer and clearer voice. Then the Democratic party had outlived its time, and it has since been living on its name. The slave influence debauched it, the war dealt it a mortal wound, and it now gives its better self the *coup de grâce* and consents to an ignoble end. The last chance of revival was thrown away four years ago, when it rejected Chase with all his offered compromises as still too Republican, only to find itself driven now to the feet of a chief who refuses to hide its friends' scalps dangling at his belt, even while getting himself bedaubed with its new war-paint.

The need of a party with the principles originally professed by Democrats is as great as it ever was, but we can probably endure that need better than we could bear what they would bring us if restored to power. Their theory of State rights is belittled into plans of revenge for needed repression. Has the country any guaranty in the party's past compliance with Southern demands, that the ex-slaveholders will not ask the President for the four hundred millions once offered by the editor? Will the virtue of his bodyguard be proof against the temptation of dividing that splendid spoil, or his own credulous benevolence resist their importunity? What safety for the public credit is there in the party which once talked of nominating a repudiator, under a leader who clamors for the impossible, in instant specie payment, as a child cries for the moon? As for those who expect neutrality on the subject of free-trade from a passionate protectionist, or delude themselves with the fancy of civil-service reform while the consideration for such enormous bargaining remains to be paid, we wish experience may not come to them as a cure. And what as to the new questions which are looming up—the attack on the menacing power of corporations, and the conflict between labor and capital? We should be sorry to trust their disposal to politicians apt at buying legislatures, or demagogues eager for a promising new field.

The force of all these reasons for distrusting the new composite Democratic party is multiplied a hundredfold when we contemplate the leader they have chosen. If they take him for the sake of place, of course they are not to be trusted. If they profess to take him for principles, he does not even pretend to surrender his own, dia-

metrically opposed to theirs; he answers their nomination with the boast, "I am still a Republican." If they fail to elect him, then disheartening defeat coming upon demoralizing disgrace destroys all that remains of them. If they succeed, the irrepressible conflict between opposing ideas breaks at once the truce in which they have joined their standards. The attempt of a weak man to conduct an administration which carries an opposition within itself, must plunge the country into discord and confusion from which it will be glad to escape through the crystallization of new party forms out of the ferment and dissolution of the old.

CIVILIAN LAWLESSNESS.

IT appears to be one of the settled things of this political campaign, that to everything done during the last four years by the Radical Republican majority in Congress we are to give the name of Grant. Fair or unfair, this seems to be a fixed assumption, and, together with the statement that at all events Greeley is *personally* honest, it is not to be questioned in public, whatever one may think of it privately. Does a Senate full of educated lawyers and politicians agree to the confirmation of Mr. Alexander Stewart as Secretary of the Treasury, and take a day or two before discovering that his appointment would violate an enactment? Why, then, let us oust General Grant forthwith; evidently he is disgracefully ignorant of law. Does a majority in Congress go to the President and say to him, "We, as sworn conservators of the law of the land, have deliberately decided that we must endow you with the power of suspending at the South the writ known to lawyers as the *writ of habeas corpus*," and does it straightway confer that power upon him? Of course, then, our duty becomes plain; let us visit the righteous punishment of so shameless an assault on our liberties upon President Grant; in his youth he was trained in the West Point Military Academy; he has had no familiarity with writs of *habeas corpus* and the other legal safeguards of civil liberty; the best five years of his mature manhood he spent in the field, where he became accustomed to the use of military methods; when there is question of setting aside civil methods, he is obliged to look to the jurists of the Senate and House for advice, and does look to them; clearly, now, such a man is unfit for the office of executing the laws; let us put him out; Mr. Shellabarger's bill for carrying "the Nation into the State," as Mr. Sumner says, and which it is only a pity, the *Tribune* says, that we cannot enforce North and South in every elective district, is a bill whose passage stamps General Grant as a dangerous enemy of constitutional liberty. Or does the Senate, following, with just one dissenting voice, the lead of a statesman who has "sat at the feet of Story and learned of him," and who has spent a lifetime reading the books of treaty-makers and Foreign Offices—does the whole Senate give its sanction to claims upon a foreign government which the common sense of mankind scouts as untenable and even absurd? Beyond doubt, then, such conduct of affairs is disgracefully incompetent, and Mr. Sumner and Mr. Greeley are right to ask us to come up to the punishment of General Grant as a contemner of law, a military man, a person who does not know all he ought about treaties, a man ignorant of enactments of which one senator, at least, out of seventy, has some knowledge.

Seriously, we think this question of the contempt for law, for legal methods and restraints, which is alleged against General Grant, will profitably bear pondering by every citizen who wishes to do his duty this fall, and who proposes to do it thoughtfully and conscientiously, without heed to the outeries of partisans; and perhaps as profitable a way of pondering it as any other is to reflect upon the relative recklessness of the two candidates now before the country. There is no doubt of the importance of the question, either intrinsically or as regards its relations to this contest. Senator Bayard remarks, in his published letter deplored the candidacy of Greeley and Brown, that he shall, nevertheless, support those candidates, because, bad as are the evils of our present financial policy, burdensome as they are, they are immaterial in com-

parison with the great evils threatening constitutional liberty itself which are involved in the continuance in power of Grant and his friends; and the Opposition, in general, appear to share the Delaware Senator's feeling, and to be willing to lose annually their hundred dollars or more a head to the monopolists, provided they can put a stop to evils which address their imaginations more powerfully than the evils of Tariff and Finance.

Now, much as has been said, much as has been honestly said, about General Grant's military disregard of law, and incompetency in civil life, which of the two men, he or Mr. Greeley, has given proof of greater lawlessness and of incompetency by reason of wilfulness and want of training? We have suggested for consideration in this light the case of the Force Bill, drawn up by Mr. Shellabarger, amended into greater rigor and centralizing harshness and unrepentantism by Mr. Sumner, applauded frantically by Mr. Greeley in the *Tribune*. The appointment of Mr. Stewart, too, is another commonly cited case, and it is strictly fair in thinking of it to think of the connection of the Senate with that appointment as well as of the President's connection with it. And if, pursuing this train of reflection, one is led along to the President's request that the Senate should abrogate the inconvenient enactment, and to the Senate's refusal to abrogate it, and to the denunciations of his attempt to override the Senate, no harm will be done if amid the senatorial objugations we recall this fact—that the one department of our Government which has latterly shown a disposition to devour the others is not the judicial department nor the executive department, but the legislative, and that of the legislative bodies the one distinguished for overbearing imperiousness and haughtiness has been the Senate. "I have no influence with senators," the President is accustomed to say.

The San Domingo business is another principal ground of complaint against the President. As regards this, we apprehend that the investigation into it would be none the less fairly carried on if the investigator approached it with the thought that President Grant holds very strongly the old-fashioned not very enlightened or laudable notion that it is true patriotism to extend the "area of freedom" by all decent means, and that we are greater and happier and more powerful and respected according as we fly the stars and stripes over more acres—whether the acres are "a wilderness of monkeys" or the icebergs for which Mr. Seward paid seven millions. At all events, at the same time when, according to Mr. Sumner's last speech, General Grant was committing all kinds of illegalities in Dominica, and showing himself unfit for leadership in civil life, what was Mr. Sumner doing, and doing with Mr. Greeley's very vehement approval? He was urging with all his might the passage of a law which put into the hands of this incapable and violent tyrant the power of suspending, at his discretion, the *writ of habeas corpus* throughout the Southern States. The month of last year which saw General Grant's Commissioners in Haytian waters, saw Mr. Sumner and Mr. Greeley engaged—the one at Washington, the other in this city—in the business of reducing our Constitution, so far as the Shellabarger Bill could do it, to the level of French constitutions, and of changing the form of government under which we had been living to a dictatorial government, with Mr. Sumner's "colossus of ignorance" as dictator. And of these two law-abiding, constitution-reverencing, unmilitary civilians, so much safer men than West Point men, Mr. Greeley had the felicitous luck of agreeing with his friend the Senator in forcing the Ku-Klux bill upon the country, and of agreeing, too, with his enemy the President in that personage's fiendish subversion of a "sister republic." For the *Tribune*, which was hot for the "Cesarist legislation" of the Radical majority in Congress, was not at all in sympathy with Mr. Sumner's San Domingo oratory of the same date; and in the very pages which lauded Mr. Sumner's "fire" in behalf of feudal government for the South, Mr. Greeley advised his friend to hold his tongue about San Domingo, and wait for the return of Messrs. Wade and Howe, and the reading of their report. So, too, we may add, a year previously, during the pendency

of the investigation into the case of Hatch, imprisoned by Baez, Mr. Greeley could see nothing wrong in the President's and General Babcock's course; and in June, 1870, declared, in so many words, that President Grant's Administration, "though that of the most successful and renowned soldier of his age, is earnestly seeking peace with all nations, and avoiding entangling alliances"; and in the same month, after the investigation had been concluded, and the Summer side of the case had been fully presented, the *Tribune* said, by way of summing up in regard to this "conspiracy against a sister republic," that "General Grant's enemies are taking the best course to ensure his election for another term."

The President, as we all know, abandoned his plan of getting for us the Haytian island and Samana Bay, just as Mr. Seward, General Grant's exemplar in annexation, abandoned the plan for securing the Island of St. Thomas. No doubt it was with reluctance that General Grant gave up his project; a quality of his from which the country has derived some advantages and some disadvantages is his tenacity, and he submitted slowly. He submitted, however, and the scheme is dead, no doubt much to the regret of some speculators and much to the relief of all thinking men. What would President Greeley have done in such a case? We believe that among all living men, himself included, nobody can tell. As likely as otherwise, any doubts President Grant may have felt from his inexperience as a statesman, or any respect which he may have had for the opinions of better-trained civilians, would have found no place in the mind of Mr. Greeley. From the outset of his public life, he has been more wrapt in his own omniscience than is usual even with that curiously overrated product of our civilization, the self-made man. His sure insight always, in all cases, reveals to him rules as clear and unerring as those whispered into Mohammed's ear by the celestial dove. He is his own *Ageria*, with the advantage of re-editing and readjusting his interpretations of law whenever his changed impressions may require. His favorite phrase, "the higher law," had a solemn meaning for the statesman who first pronounced it. It was that rule of moral conduct to which human legislation may slowly and tentatively be made to approach and conform. To Mr. Greeley's perception it apparently has meant, and still means, his own ideal, broad or narrow, of right, which must be wrought into instant practice, whatever respect of tradition or usefulness of habit or reverence for lawful authority stands in the way. He would forthwith and instanter erect sheer principles, as they show to his vague, passionate view, into institutions, without reckoning with any obstacles. His reference of things to his variable inner standard of conviction results in very lawlessness of action. It is not pure truth he worships, nor even truth as it has taken shape through experience for the wisest men, but his own shifting vision of truth, to which all must bow. And if his fetich of one week becomes a stick the next, it is not that he is inconsistent; it is merely that a new revelation of his infallible judgment guides him. When the South attempted to break up the Government, and its success through war seemed for a moment possible, he would have flung the Constitution to the winds, and bartered nationality for peace. Incapable of constant principle, he offered to buy the chattels which he had denounced their owners for treating as property. Restless under as much of law for himself as is implied in that party allegiance he vehemently imposed on others, he intrigued against Mr. Lincoln's re-election. And, the crown of inconsistent wilfulness and radical lawlessness of nature, he offers himself to govern the country as the instrument of that party which, if he has been telling the truth for thirty years, is the enemy of decency, order, and law. If this instability is unconscious, then it betrays a weakness which would be no less dangerous in a high functionary than bad intention. If it is conscious, it bespeaks a contempt for law as a power external to man which would make his oath of office as chief magistrate almost a foregone perjury. In any case, the charge of lawlessness coming from him is very curious.

Such an occupant of the White House would assuredly require as careful watching as any military man we have ever seen installed

there. Looking to the high probability of a Democratic majority in the Lower House at some time during the next four years, either as the result of continued discontent with Grant's Administration, or as the fruit of the arrangement through which his opponent hopes to oust him, and remembering the present temper and the old tactics of the Southern branch of the party, we may well ask under which President the country would have the better assurance of stable and peaceful government. The present evils we can at least measure, and the Republicans will find difficulty enough in re-electing their candidate to suggest a warning not to be trifled with against their continuance. But who can sound the sea of troubles that would rush in upon us in the event of the success of the coalition?

THE BALTIMORE CONVENTION.

BALTIMORE, July 10, 1872.

THE remark said to have been made by a Liberal Republican manager, that "the arrangements for carrying Cincinnati for Greeley were simplicity itself compared with the arrangements for putting him through at Baltimore," appeared to be verified by all the action of the Convention. If Judge Doolittle had been selected to preside solely because of his management of the Arm-in-Arm Convention called together by President Johnson, in 1863, he could not have made his management of this Baltimore Convention an exacter transcript of that at Philadelphia six years ago. It was nothing less than ludicrous to hear the Permanent President incessantly reminding the members that they were "a deliberative body" and not a mass-meeting, he all the time as resolutely applying what Senator Bayard called "gag law," as when he padlocked the mouths of the Vallandigham men at Philadelphia. It is true that the Convention helped him, appearing to desire nothing more than that refractory members should hold their peace and the business in hand be finished as soon as possible. For example, the first thing of consequence done on the second day was to act upon the report of the Committee on Resolutions. The chairman of that Committee, Mr. Burr of Connecticut, promptly came up on the stage, and announced that by direction he submitted the Cincinnati Platform in its integrity, and that upon the adoption of the report he moved the previous question. Senator Bayard, of Delaware, was on his feet and addressing the chair before Mr. Burr was down, and amid much confusion, applause, counter-applause, and hisses, endeavored to prevent the success of this motion. The theatre in which the Convention was held was, acoustically considered, execrable, and the delegations half-way up the hall could have had not the least notion of what was under discussion, and some even in the front had to be instructed by special message from the stage how to vote. What with this ignorance, and ignorance of what would be the effect of voting the previous question, and inability to hear or to understand Judge Doolittle's explanation of what would be the effect, and reiterated requests from various parts of the hall for an answer to these enquiries, the Convention was speedily in a state of great and noisy confusion. At last, it was understood that if the motion for the previous question was supported, Mr. Burr, as maker of the motion, would have one hour at his disposal which he might occupy in advocacy of his report, or might cut up and allot to other speakers. The opposition to the motion was determined, for it was known that just here, if anywhere, the fight of the Anti-Greeley men must be made; but the majority against them was overwhelming, and the previous question was ordered. Then Senator Bayard was granted ten minutes by Mr. Burr, Mr. Burr himself, by the way, having a voice which could scarcely have been heard three yards away from him. Almost every one of the speakers, indeed, was inaudible, to those of us at least who were behind them or on the right or left hand of them, and apparently to the vast majority of those in front. Judge Reagan, of Texas, for example, a burly man resembling Mr. John Morrissey in physique and countenance, made a speech which was literally so much dumb show, but which he delivered with a fortitude proof against the outcries of the sweltering delegates. General O'Connor also, a fine specimen of the flamboyant stump speaker, not afraid of spoiling his throat, made a speech at the top of his lungs which was semi-audible to people a couple of rods away.

The vote having been taken, and the previous question ordered, Senator Bayard came forward to show how strong, or how weak, were the straight Democrats, and for ten minutes spoke on the merits, protesting against cramming the words of aliens and enemies down the throats of the Democracy, and demanding original resolutions. He was listened to with some applause, and some hisses, the hisses being rebuked by the chair and the greater part of the Convention, and at the end of ten minutes Mr. Burr gave up to him ten minutes more. This was not done without protest, there

being a few irrepressible members who did not yet understand the great previous question device, and could not see how it was that "the gentleman from Connecticut held the floor" against all comers. The second speech of Mr. Bayard was less audible than the first, though delivered with equal energy and with a gallantry and a grace of demeanor which were very taking. The "Blue Hen's Chickens," as represented by the Senator, are evidently game. No man in the Convention seemed so well able to make a good impression, and his praises were freely spoken by people who were angry with Delaware's conduct, and eager for harmony and Greeley forthwith. Even the horrible, impassive, sodden visage of a notorious New York gambler and editor, who was sitting near me—Mr. Greeley's first vice-president at the Cooper Union—and the gushing countenance of another of our editors, indicated some respectful interest in the orator. Every one could afford civility, for how the thing was going was of course perfectly well known; perhaps, too, it was secretly not displeasing to the audience to be allowed one draught of pure Democratic doctrine before the other draught was swallowed. General O'Connor followed Mr. Bayard in an oration which was thus far relevant to the point at issue, that the Senator having strongly deprecated the surrender of the Democracy, General O'Connor, coming from South Carolina, could offset the Delaware plea by an entreaty to the Northern half of the party to have mercy on the wretched condition of their Southern brothers, who desired nothing better than deliverance and forgiveness, even as they were willing to forgive and let bygones be bygones. Hon. Judge Reagan followed after a little interval of renewed explanations of the "previous question" to some of the most irrepressible delegates, who even yet did not comprehend that they were bound hand and foot, and after some confusion caused by the efforts of a much excited Tennessean, Mr. McRae, to "rise to a question of privilege." This gentleman, by the way, recalled the former days by having "a personal difficulty" in the afternoon at the Carrollton House with another gentleman, Mr. George N. Sanders I was told, the Niagara negotiator. There was a dispute between this diplomatist and Mr. McRae about some old-time difference, and McRae drew his knife and was for killing the other on the spot. "His friends restrained him," as it would have been well if they had in the morning; he so irritated gentlemen in my vicinity, especially the 4-11-44 gentlemen, that they expressed a very warm desire to have him "shut up" and "put out," and said to one another, "That feller's drunk"; "that feller'll get hit if he don't look out." Judge Reagan's speech appeared to be mainly for report in Texas, and had no effect whatever on the delegates, most of whom, I fancy, did not hear five words of it. I was going to say that I have never seen a convention which, for so willing a body of men, was so unbiddable and noisy. Continually the chairman had to admonish it and implore the galleries for quiet. The fact is, however, that it was not unbiddable; but not to know what the chairman was saying, to be addressed by speaker after speaker and to hear not a word or very few words, must have been trying; and the immense majority knowing that everything was cut and dried, and that the Convention was so far from being the "deliberative body" that Mr. Doolittle called it that it was eminently a recording body and nothing else, was all the more inclined to be talkative and careless. The heat, too, was very great; the thermometer must have stood considerably above one hundred degrees in the galleries, which were made needlessly hot by gas-lights burning away incongruously in the clear daylight. Mr. Reagan's pantomimic exercise over, the vote was taken on the passage of the Cincinnati resolutions unaltered except by a short preamble of no significance, and they were at once adopted by almost seven hundred votes out of seven hundred and thirty-two. This made it plain what was to become of the opposition, and definitely settled the practical unanimity of the nomination. Immediately a stout man, in one of the stage-boxes if I saw right, sprang to his feet and proposed three cheers, brandishing his arms to mark time. The first cheer was fairly good, the third was joined in by about thirty people, I should say; and this incident will give you a not unfair idea of the amount of "enthusiasm" that was displayed throughout.

It was the second day of the Convention when I reached Baltimore, and what enthusiasm there had been had assuredly pretty well exhausted itself on the first day. But the fact is, I take it, that the enthusiasm said to have been exhibited was a figment of the Liberal Republican brain, and had no existence. There was noise certainly, but the cheering was in rare instances more than very half-hearted, and I believe I give you the spirit of the assemblage as well as any other correspondent when I say that Mr. Vance, of North Carolina, being complimented on his story of "Old Grimes" and the hymn-book, and assured that the other delegates also as well as himself would "sing Greeley through if it killed them," said in reply that he had another story, a good deal better, which it was a pity he could not tell on the stamp as illustrative of the feeling with which the North Carolina Democracy

regard Greeley's nomination. It was, in fact, unrelated; but, as Mr. Vance said, it was very expressive, and it expressed extreme and contemptuous disgust. The sharpest cheering was called out when before the call to order the band played snatches from loyal and rebel airs, such as "Dixie," "Yankee Doodle," "The Bonny Blue Flag," "John Brown," "The Star-Spangled Banner;" the yelling sort of cheers greeting the Southern tunes the more heartily, and the louder hurrays the Northern. The stage where the two or three hundred reporters and editors were seated was a principal seat of applause for the loyal tunes, and the galleries of the applause for the Southern; the pit, where the Convention was seated, was neutral, I should say, and comparatively undemonstrative. The "wild enthusiasm" on the announcement of the nomination was evidently labored, and it was something rather depressing to see the seventy New Yorkers rise in their place, hold out palm-leaf fans at the stretch of their arms, and lead off in the enthusiasm. Governor Hoffman waving a palm-leaf fan in honest enthusiasm is not a very exhilarating object. A great deal of such wild spiritual excitement he can endure, I fancy, without shortening his life. Some hearty applause, however, the Governor called forth by a speech some ten minutes long, in which an hour or so later he assured the Convention that New York would be carried for Greeley not by fifty thousand majority, as somebody had promised for Missouri, but by a majority of as many thousands as Missouri had legal voters—something like three hundred thousand, I suppose. So too there was applause when Mr. Wallace, of Pennsylvania, a recalcitrant State, with some very bitter opposition to Greeley, went forward after the balloting, in which his delegation's vote had been obstinately divided, and announced that Pennsylvania bowed to the will of the national Democracy. This by the way is the same Mr. Wallace, I believe, whom the *Tribune* charged with the wicked manufacture of fraudulent naturalization papers, and the staining of the same with a decoction of coffee to produce in them the appearance of age. But reminiscences like these were too numerous to make durable impressions; a Pennsylvania politician casting the vote of the Berks Democracy for Horace Greeley was not particularly impressive when one could see such Southern men as the Duke of Sonora, or Bradley Johnston, or Thomas Bocock fanning themselves with the "Greeley fan"—a repulsive, ghastly, flesh-colored thing, a portrait head of the candidate fastened to a stick and fringed with wool to represent white hair and whiskers.

The resolutions had been adopted—Delaware still sullen—and several delegates rose to catch the eye of the chair, there being a natural desire on the part of many gentlemen to be the person who should move the nomination of "the distinguished son of New York, Honest Horace Greeley, for the office of President of the United States." An Indiana man was very pertinacious in this respect, would not sit down, and, I believe, finally carried his point. I saw him standing some ten minutes. But meantime Mr. Doolittle recognized the delegate from New York, Governor Hoffman, who said he wished to present a memorial addressed to the Convention by German citizens of New York City. The clerk was ordered to receive it, and was given a large roll of paper with a brief heading and a long list of signatures. This memorial, in substance, informed the Convention that the German citizens of New York had been said to be opposed to the nomination of Mr. Greeley; that, on the contrary, they were not opposed to it; and that in proof of their assertion they sent up a request for his nomination, signed by more than fifteen thousand German voters. Meantime, while this had been reading, the roll was unwound and passed from hand to hand, trailing up the whole length of the central aisle of the theatre. This bit of stage effect, and the accompanying assurance of the candidate's popularity with the German voters, was loudly cheered, and was more effective than another piece of plaudit-manufacture, one in which this Convention imitated the Grant Convention last month: when the nomination was made—Delaware unreconciled still, and declining to give her vote for it—a picture was let down behind the correspondents' platform, which represented the White House. It was let down too low, however, and, as the reporters and other visitors were standing up, and did not at first sit down, the exhibition was not very successful.

Mr. Brown was nominated for the Vice-Presidency amid greater noise than ever, for the delegates soon began dropping out of the theatre. The building was full, though the insufferable heat prevented the uppermost semi-circle, away up by the roof, from being packed at any stage of the proceeding; thousands of fans were fluttering; delegates were moving about and talking; the dozen or so of telegraphic instruments, like noises in a delirious dream, were sharply clicking, constantly without a moment's cessation; the chairmen of delegations got up one after another as the roll of States was called, and cast the vote of the delegation; the motion of Judge Abbott's lips, or Mr. Ingersoll's, rather than the sound of their voices, showed that Massachusetts or Connecticut was for "B. Gratz Brown, of Missouri," and, by one o'clock, or a few minutes past, the work of the Convention, which began its session a little after ten o'clock, was complete, and the

members dispersed for dinner, and drinks, and talk, and the ratification meeting in the evening.

The Convention was not an ill-looking body of men, though to my eye it had less of a look of practical ability and responsibility than the Convention which met at Philadelphia. The Southern element was, of course, more prominent. The same sharp faces with which the war made so many Northerners acquainted for the first time; the long hair; the eccentric dress, in which the waistcoat was apt to be conspicuous by its absence; the odd intonation, were all noticeable. One could see the old politicians who have so long been absent from national conventions, famous war-horses and eaters of fire, who used to take part in the conventions of the days before the deluge, when there was no North, and Arkansas gave the law to Massachusetts, and who have since been statesmen in the Confederacy, emigrants to Brazil, residents in Canada. There were old men too, curiously dressed in black clothes, with large linen cuffs to their shirts, wearing the looks of planters who have been ruined and are still somewhat in a maze over the citizenship of the negro, to say nothing of the prospect of voting for the editor of the incendiary *Tribune* instead of seeing "the boys" burn him in effigy. Many of these were victims of the carpet-bagger, apparently, and moved one's pity; and there were younger men to whom, no doubt, the carpet-bagger and his negro supporter may have now and again been victims. Perhaps the Northerners were inferior in appearance to their Southern associates, take them one with another. I believe the only out-and-out odious faces were on the shoulders of Northern men—Democrats and Liberal Republicans; and one might perhaps have proved physiognomically the position that if the most intellectual portion of the Democratic party of the North is not surpassed, and perhaps not equalled, in clear, intellectual force and keenness, by any portion of the Republican party, the rank and file of it, nevertheless, does certainly include a greater proportion of ignorance and brutality than the rank and file of the Republicans. A higher general average of intelligence and character was, I think, discernible at Philadelphia than here; and, indeed, there was no very successful representation of that intellectually able class which may be called the legal-minded constitutional Democracy, as distinguished from the negro-hating and office-seeking Democracy. Mr. Benjamin Wood and Mr. Hoffman were there; Mr. Bayliss W. Hanna, Mr. George N. Sanders, Gen. John A. McClelland, Mr. William Wallace, the Confederate ex-General J. B. Gordon, Mr. Burr, of the *Hartford Times*, Mr. John Cochrane, ex-Senator Doolittle, and other such in plenty; but Mr. Reverdy Johnson, of this city, who was an invited guest upon the platform, was the most noticeable representative of the O'Conors, Thurmans, Groesbecks, Hendrickses, Nelsons, and Churches. Very few of these were in this council.

The Convention, as I have said, was not enthusiastic; on the contrary, it was dull, but the members were confident in their assertions that the candidate was certain to be elected. New York was sure, I was told; Pennsylvania was sure, Illinois and Indiana were sure, Ohio was sure, New Hampshire was sure, Connecticut, the delegation said, would go for Greeley by from five to ten thousand; North Carolina the Administration might buy, but probably could not; Greeley would get more electoral votes than any President since Monroe; Grant would not carry four States; there never was so enormous a popular uprising. Facts in support of these views were sparingly produced; but the Connecticut men named a number of towns in which Greeley clubs had been formed, and were either mistaken in their assertions or rational in believing that if the State were to vote now, Grant and Wilson could not carry it; and not irrational in supposing that the Greeley party will be larger yet in November than in July.

The Democrat with whom I had any conversation of much interest was a gentleman from Georgia, not a delegate, who had been sent up here by a number of Straight-out Democrats to look on and report. According to him, a great deal of the disaffection in Georgia was due to a belief that the Greeleyite movement was simply an attempt of a disappointed faction of the Radical party to get control of the Government; and good-will towards the South, and a desire to relieve her and welcome her home again, were believed to be as far from Greeley's thoughts as from Grant's or Sumner's. This view seemed the more reasonable, because Ben Hill and Joe Brown at once became Greeleyites, and these two gentlemen are utterly distrusted by the true white men of Georgia, because they have been partakers with the Bullock Ring, against whom the honest white men are now every day finding true bills in the courts as thieves and swindlers. It was thought that a movement could not bode good to the Southerner in which these friends of the carpet-bagger were prominent; hence much of the Georgia reluctance to accept Greeley and Brown. My informant, however, was convinced by what he had seen that these candidates might safely be accepted, thought he should recommend them to his fellow-citizens, and thought the

State could be carried for them. I was surprised to hear him speak with so little of certitude on this last point, but he had only been converted about twenty-four hours, and was still a little ashamed at finding himself under conviction. The ground of his dubiety appeared to be that the whole employers of the Black Belt, or cotton region, might be so disgusted with Greeley's nomination that they would refuse to do what they had done before, and would not use their influence to keep their negroes away from the polls. It was negro abstention, he said, which had given them so large a majority in Georgia. Still, he thought Mr. Stephens and Mr. Toombs would withdraw their opposition as soon as they understood the true disposition of the Liberal Republicans, and that the State was safe.

This gentleman was full of stories about the rascality of the carpet-baggers and about the Ku-klux, whom he had several times seen, and who, he declared, were a necessity. They were originally called into existence, he said, in Tennessee, where he then resided, to put down stock-thieving, and not to burden their Northern friends and themselves with the accusation of Ku-kluxery. They had to his knowledge refrained far more than could have been expected of them from punishing the scoundrelism which had been robbing and ruling the South since the war. What are you going to do, he said, when one carpet-bagger gives his note of hand to another, making it, almost in so many words, payable "after the next steal"? "Is not it a credit to us that we do not Ku-klux them? What does a carpet-bagger deserve who, for the sake of the nine or ten dollars a day salary, procures his election for a county which he never saw in his life, and which he actually leaves Georgia for good without ever having seen?" To these questions it was hard to find a reply; yet I could recollect another phase of recent Southern history which had passed under my own observation, and did not respond warmly to the gentleman's invitation to myself and the friend who was with me, to go down and settle in Georgia and be welcomed.

ENGLAND.

LONDON, June 28, 1872.

WHEN I last wrote to you, the Geneva arbitration had been given up for lost by the most experienced doctors. Directly afterwards, the bulletins showed a visible improvement, and last night the favorable reports were confirmed by ministerial announcement in the two Houses of Parliament. What is to be said except that all's well that ends well? Even the Conservative organs can only get up a feeble growl, and try to make out that in some way or other the result is altogether in favor of the United States. As the arbitrators have rejected part of the claims, they will be all the more ready to concede the others. The Americans, with their usual supernatural cunning, foresaw this; they saw that, having gratified England by the rejection of one unfounded claim, the arbitrators would be anxious to prove their impartiality and gratify the United States by admitting another though equally baseless. The *Pall Mall Gazette*, which has all along shown a singular bitterness against the Treaty, which some people set down to personal hostility to Mr. Gladstone, tries to make out even now that the question is not settled, and that we are once more entering a fool's paradise. In spite of these arguments, there can be no doubt that the settlement, real or fancied, is received with general satisfaction, except by those patriotic persons who hold that everything which strengthens the Government weakens the country. There is some satisfaction in seeing the end, or supposing one's self to see the end, of so wearisome a controversy; but, on more reasonable motives than this, I do not think that anybody with a soul above that of a petty politician can be otherwise than gratified. Mrs. Ward Howe is at present in this country, and is going to hold a great meeting in London next week to induce women to put an end to war. I hope that she may succeed; but I confess that, with all its drawbacks, the prospect of finally settling the outstanding differences between ourselves and the United States gives me more hope than a great deal of enthusiastic oratory; and with that remark I dismiss the subject, as I fondly hope, for ever.

Meanwhile, Government is of course materially strengthened, or at any rate relieved from a pressing danger. The probability now is that, in spite of the various blows it has received, Mr. Gladstone's administration will have a tolerably easy time for the rest of the session. We are about, indeed, to have one more repetition of the rather dreary farce that has been played so often of late years. The House of Lords, not having the courage to reject, has attempted to emasculate the Ballot Bill. It has passed amendments making the secrecy optional; and, according to our constitutional doctors, that is no better than having no secrecy at all. The amendments will be considered this evening by the House of Commons. They will all be rejected with the exception of two or three, which are to be accepted by way of compliment, as it is supposed that they have no practical importance. Then a

match at brag will take place. Liberals will announce that the House of Lords must be bullied, and that if it cannot stand bullying it will have to be radically reformed. Conservatives will declare the constitution in danger; Lord Salisbury will be eloquently indignant; and Lord Granville will be amiable but firm. After a good deal of talk, the House of Lords will either collapse at once—which is perhaps the most probable result—or it will stand its ground and be contented with collapsing next session, after a few more months of wearisome repetition of old arguments. It is not very interesting to look on at a play when the catastrophe is foreseen and the only question is whether it is to be reached in the fourth act or the fifth. However, that is the task before us, and I am rather inclined to hope that we may be put out of our misery as soon as possible.

Meanwhile, a war is breaking out which interests the inhabitants of London a good deal more keenly. There is a strike in the building trade on a scale which bids fair to make it one of the most prominent events in the history of the great war between labor and capital. Wages have been rising for a long time, and the watchword of the men is now nine hours and ninepence an hour, which would raise the weekly wages by about four shillings. A great deal of discussion has taken place as to the rights and wrongs of the question; the most conspicuous result being that no one outside the trade is competent to form any trustworthy opinion on the subject. It is obvious that at the present moment trade is unusually flourishing. In many districts of London houses are rising at a rate which reminds one of New York, if not of Chicago. In the west, for example, a whole quarter has sprung up within the last few years, and the picturesque old suburb of Kensington is being swallowed up in rectilinear lines of bricks and mortar. There is something almost pathetic in the sight of the poor little suburban villas which are everywhere being engulfed in the advancing deluge; and where, by some accident, they have escaped demolition, they remind the wandering Cockney how recently green fields have been swallowed up by the monstrous metropolis. In many districts, it is true, the houses thus rapidly springing up stand empty, and there has been decided overbuilding. But on the whole we may safely assume that the trade is prosperous, and that the artisans have a fair chance of insisting upon a share of the extra profits. That is, of course, the simple state of the question, though some attempts were made to put the demand for shortened hours on a sentimental ground distinct from that which supports the demand for more money. The battle will doubtless be to the longest purses and the greatest obstinacy; but at present no one seems to know which way victory is likely to incline. The masters made an attempt at securing arbitration, and proposed to leave the question to Lord Derby and Lord Salisbury. The men objected to the names, and urged that a joint committee of masters and men would form the only proper tribunal. On that point the negotiation broke off; though indeed there does not appear to be on either side a very strong disposition towards conciliation. If the masters give in, the effect will of course be to raise the price of houses, and, considering the rapidly-increasing difficulty of obtaining houses in London, and especially houses for the poor, at anything like moderate terms, the results to the working-classes will by no means be of unmixed benefit. Indeed, the effects of a general rise in the prices of labor are already making themselves felt. The price of coal has risen in an unprecedented manner, in consequence, partly, of the difficulties with the pitmen; and the increase in the cost of living for the poorer classes keeps pace very unpleasantly with the increase in the rate of wages. However, we are just now on a general flood of prosperity. The taxes increase so fast that Mr. Lowe will probably find himself burdened with an unprecedented surplus. Pauperism declines steadily, whilst, at the same time, it is curious to remark that emigration has made a corresponding start, and for the first time for very many years the English exceeds the Irish exodus in absolute numbers, though, of course, not in proportion to the population. That wages should rise under such conditions is inevitable, but it seems that, in this instance at any rate, the concession will not be made without a very obstinate struggle. Meanwhile, it is pleasant to remark that the question is discussed with a very observable diminution of bitterness. The working-classes are not treated to arrogant doses of political economy with the same freedom as formerly, and indeed the tendency is perhaps to pay too little regard to such important considerations. On the other hand, they seem to be more ready to accept arbitration as a peaceable solution of the questions at issue; and there are still hopes that in some form or other it may be adopted by the building trade.

One little incident which occurred in the House of Commons last week deserves a few words in this connection. The people of Birmingham, which has now a population of 350,000, are suffering, like the rest of us, under the difficulty of disposing of their sewage. They accepted a plan for buying a waste piece of land in the neighborhood, which was to be made into a sewage farm according to the most approved precedents. The bill which was necessary for effecting a compulsory purchase of the land in question was

unanimously approved by a committee of the House of Commons. The ordinary course of affairs is that a bill which has passed that ordeal is accepted as a matter of form. The land, however, belonged to Sir Robert Peel, who has inherited some of the talents, but very little of the discretion, of his eminent father. Although it was at a distance of three or four miles from his house, he chose to consider that it would be an intolerable nuisance for him to have the sewage of so large a town coming between the wind and his nobility. Accordingly, he opposed the third reading of the bill, and, to the general surprise of the persons concerned, it was thrown out by a very small majority. The moral appears to be that, in the opinion of a House consisting chiefly of landholders, it was considered better that a population of 350,000 people should be prevented from getting rid of their sewage than that the same unsavory article should be in the smallest danger of offending the nostrils of a country gentleman and a Member of Parliament. Obviously, so long as there is sewage, and the resources of science have not as yet enabled us to do without it, it must be put somewhere; and unless, according to our present most uncivilized plan, it is used to defile our rivers, poison our fish, and waste its agricultural powers, it must be put upon land. It will be very difficult to select land for the purpose without some chance of its being occasionally perceived by the nostrils of a local magnate, and quite impossible to dispose of it without more or less annoying somebody. The action of the House of Commons, therefore, strikes most outsiders as singularly unreasonable, especially when the plan had been approved by their own committee; and there is not the smallest reason to suppose that any of the gentlemen who voted with Sir R. Peel had given the smallest attention to the subject, or, in fact, knew anything except that Sir R. Peel objected to the scheme. It is bad enough for Parliament to take matters out of the hands of those members who have been specially directed to examine them, and in such a case as this it amounts to a scandal. There are undoubtedly worse forms of jobbery from which the House of Commons is happily free; but the practical objection to jobbery of this kind is that it is jobbery in the interest of a small dominant class, whose supremacy is already the object of much jealousy and may at any moment be seriously threatened. If, in short, landholders choose to use their power for such purposes, it is not improbable that they may before long have more of that agitation for a land law which has often been threatened, but which has hitherto produced little result.

Meanwhile, as I have said, the political atmosphere will probably be calm for some time to come. Government will drift quietly on its path with a certain amount of friction and disturbance, but without any serious opposition; and though Mr. Disraeli took occasion to speak more confidently than usual of the contempt which they had incurred, and the strength of the rising tide of Conservative reaction, there seems to be no immediate prospect that we shall have an opportunity of testing the reality of the feeling.

Correspondence.

HOW TO PRODUCE A RESPECTABLE TEMPERATURE.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION :

SIR : It seems extraordinary, that although it is some thousands of years since men began to moderate by artificial means the cold of winter, we still lack appliances for reducing the sometimes more intolerable heat of summer. Especially wonderful does it seem that such a want continues in the United States, where, on the one hand, we have a climate with a greater range of temperature from winter to summer, and consequently more debilitating in the latter season than that of any other wholly civilized country, and on the other hand, the population is one which has shown itself more than ordinarily ready and able to provide for new emergencies.

As this subject is an interesting one (will seem unusually so, indeed, to many of your readers, should the weather of early July hold until this communication comes before them), perhaps you will permit me to confide to you my feelings with reference to it, and just what for my own part I propose to do. I shall thank you heartily if I can obtain any practical suggestion in return. This weather is too hot to work in, and by rights, therefore, too hot to live in. I have waited every summer since many years for some inventive genius to furnish me an apparatus to cool my office and my house. Neither he nor it has appeared. I have passed in consequence many sleepless nights and—what has been still more trying—many almost workless days. And now I am going to try to help the matter myself. May I tell you how I propose to do it? I ask because I hope to get some hints from some of your readers as to how I may do it better.

I shall try to cool air down to 60° or 65°. I think there will be no difficulty in effecting it in the following manner :

I mean to lead a considerable number of small air-pipes several times

through a very large box or bin, which is to be packed full of some light substance—moss, for instance—through which air could easily find its way. Water from above will be suffered to drip all over the top of this moss and will trickle through it to the bottom of the bin. Through the moss, from the bottom upward, I shall force a current of air, and thus produce rapid evaporation. And this will cool the air-pipes, and they will cool the air which passes through them. To force a current through these pipes, and to force another one through the moss, I shall use a very large, but light, pair of bellows; and the bellows will be worked by a sort of clock arrangement, in which the immediate motive power will be a heavy weight. I calculate that a horse will with ten or fifteen minutes' heavy pull (once a day or once a week, according to the heat of the weather) wind this clock affair. It shall be a pendulum, and be started or stopped at pleasure, and by altering the length of the pendulum, will run fast or slow according to the heat. The cold air which the air-pipes furnish will be led through cheap wooden pipes to the various rooms of the house, always near the ceiling, and be turned on or off like the hot air of ordinary furnaces. My doors and windows will be kept closed in the hottest weather as carefully as in the coldest. I shall have no flies nor mosquitoes nor dust. My blinds will be open and my rooms light. The air will be as dry as that outside, and the temperature of it will be between 60° and 70°, according to my belief as to what degree may be the healthiest. I have not carefully estimated the expense of this machine, but I am sure it will not cost much, and am equally sure that the extra work it will enable me to do in the hottest weather will soon repay me for the outlay.

I believe that in future, as soon as good and cheap cooling machines shall have been invented, and the public shall begin to appreciate their usefulness, we may reasonably expect to find one in every respectable dwelling both in cities and in the country. In cities, such machines could easily be "wound up" from the outside of the house by means of movable steam-engines travelling from door to door. Whenever this shall be the case, our churches and theatres will, even in the hottest weather, be delightfully cool. Patients in hospitals will not be lost merely through the "unfavorable heat of the weather." Offices and workshops will not be too warm for active mental or physical labor. Throughout the summer we shall dine in comfort and sleep soundly. If we go to the country, it will be for the sake of its attractions and not because we are driven thither by the heat. And the early decay of our women will be a matter of the past, I might almost say.

M. N.

[We wish all success to every honest device for any sort of evaporation that shall be in the interest of cool weather. Whatever may be the result of our correspondent's scheme, everybody will admit that he shows the right spirit.—ED. NATION.]

NOVEL-READERS AND OUR PUBLIC LIBRARIES.

TO THE EDITOR OF THE NATION:

SIR: The report of the well-known and accomplished librarian of the Cincinnati Public Library, which has recently been published, and noticed in many of the papers, contains an able discussion of a question which was the subject of a recent paper in the *Nation*—namely, the character of books most in demand in public libraries. The Cincinnati librarian takes the same view of the matter that the writer in the *Nation* seemed forced to, and considers the large popular demand for the lightest and most sensational kind of fiction legitimate and justifiable; and mainly on the ground that this demand comes from a class of minds unfitted by education, or by the reaction of severe bodily effort, for anything higher in the scale of literary values. Thus far I can perfectly agree with both these writers, who so well agree between themselves. But in the experience of the public library of which I know the most, it has been found that the demand for this literary confectionery (highly colored with poisonous drugs) proceeds not from the class of readers above referred to, but from all classes, excepting the genuine students. That is to say, a very large proportion of all who read for general entertainment prefer Southworth, Hentz, Stephens, Holmes, *et al. omne genus*, to Scott, Dickens, Muloch, Macdonald, or even George Eliot. The ladies of leisure, the pupils of both sexes in our High School, are with few exceptions included in this class. No one can say of these, as of the poor laboring man or woman, that nothing better could be expected of their literary taste. So that while the great popularity of Mrs. Southworth is owing largely to the low culture of the laboring classes who patronize our library, it is owing no less to the want of a refined taste and a correct mental ambition among those who ought to have them. There is, therefore, need of whatever effort can be made to form the tastes of the people, and so manipulate the public library that the readers shall be led on from lower to higher levels. The

supply of trashy reading (which is doubtless indispensable in a free library) can be limited, so that its more eager devourers shall be brought to the end of it often, and in waiting anxiously for additions may be enticed into taking up something better.

Again, the public library ought to advertise its good books. There is this in favor of a general alphabetical catalogue, as opposed to the "subject" system, that those who are looking for novels are constantly seeing the titles of other and better books. Give the people a catalogue of the fiction by itself, and they will forget that there are any other books. But more than this, the readers ought to have placed in their hands from week to week such a statement of the additions to the library as shall effectually inform them of the merits and excellences of the books; a statement prepared by the librarian, or other competent person, not as a piece of literary criticism, but purely as an advertisement—not simply of the titles, but of the contents of the books. Where there is a local newspaper, it can well be made the medium of such information in case the library is unable to afford the issue of a "Bulletin" from week to week.

Other means of informing the public of the merits of good books, and inciting a love for them, can be found in lectures and "readings"; and the time cannot be far distant when the library, the lyceum, and the public schools shall be so arranged as to work harmoniously together as parts of a system for the higher education of the whole people, and then we may hope for the restoration of the kings and queens of literature to the place in the popular heart which is so foully usurped by the nitro-glycerine school of novelists.

F.

WATERBURY, Conn., July 12, 1872.

Notes.

FIGUIER'S "Insect World"; Flint's "Physiology of Man"; "Doctor Vandyke," a novel, by John Esten Cooke; "Life-Lessons from the Book of Proverbs," by Rev. E. H. Chapin; "Sociology," by Herbert Spencer; "Forms of Water," by Prof. Tyndall; "The Vine-Dresser's Guide"; and the "Coal Regions of America," by James MacFarlaine, are among the works in preparation by D. Appleton & Co.—"A Constitutional" has undertaken a "Review of Stephens's 'War between the States,'" a task which one would hardly propose to himself in the hot weather. It will be published by Lippincott.

—Governor Gratz Brown's absurd performance at Yale in asserting the marked superiority of the West over the East in the means and methods of education, is in noteworthy contrast with the report which the curators of the State University of Missouri have just addressed to him. It is true that the President of the Board says that the "University is rapidly taking position as one of the great seats of learning in the nation"; while the President of the University thinks "it has attained a most honorable position among the educational institutions of the highest grade in our country," and that "its rank as one of the leading institutions of the nation is everywhere recognized." But the report proves this to be rather the language of hope, based on very recent progress, than an exact representation of all the facts in the case. Up to the summer of 1866, the "University" had been twenty-five years in existence, and had graduated but about 200 students; it had no other department but the academic; it received no State aid till 1867. It expects to have during the present year 300 students in all its departments (including the Preparatory and the Normal), of which the Mining School is but a year old, and the Scientific and Law Schools will be opened for the first time in the fall; the Congressional land-grant for the Agricultural and Mechanical College was only secured in 1870. In view of these facts, it is clear that a little modesty in regard to "means and methods" of instruction in Missouri, at least, would have been becoming in Governor Brown when speaking before so venerable and thoroughly appointed a foundation as Yale. The curators, for their part, allude always with respect and deference to Harvard, Yale, Michigan, Wisconsin, and Cornell, and say expressly, in comparison with the first-named, "We, with a lower grade of scholastic education and discipline" (p. 22), while on p. 9 occurs this admission, which Governor Brown appears to have overlooked:

"The first class, consisting of two members, graduated in 1843. Although the institution was reasonably flourishing, few students reached the attainments required for graduation. This is, in fact, a usual condition in our Western institutions for higher education; nor is the amount of good which they accomplish to be measured by the number of those who complete the full course and attain graduation."

—We hasten to explain that in pointing out these shortcomings our object has been, not to disparage the University itself, but to hold the most convenient mirror up to the gentleman who expects to have engage-

ments next spring which will prevent his serving as one of the examiners at Yale. For the University we have no words but those of encouragement. There is abundant reason for the confidence in its growth and future usefulness expressed by its officers. It labors under a great disadvantage in being situated in Boone County, one of the unwhipt and therefore irreconcilable rebel communities, in which the dark and "bloody chasm" gives no sign of closing, as may be seen by the delicate allusion to it on p. 11: "The successful party [in the Civil War] was in special political antagonism to the majority of the people where the University was located." Perhaps Messrs. Greeley and Brown will change all that, however. The University admits women on equal terms with men, and the report states a fact which we have not had brought to our attention before, that "not an Agricultural College in the West excludes females," and names specifically Michigan, Wisconsin, Minnesota, Iowa, Kansas, Illinois, and California. That Missouri easily surpasses these States in liberality is proved by the plan of the University campus prefixed to the report. Two references are made to its having been improved and beautified by Major McMurray, which will, "it is believed, produce an excellent influence upon the moral and aesthetic culture of the students" (p. 21); and (p. 4) afford "a delightful retreat," and an aid to "the culture of good manners and good taste." This desirable end is to be reached, so the uncultivated Eastern mind discovers, not only by an agreeable treatment of a happily diversified surface, but by such a nomenclature as would turn the stomach even of the principal of a girls' boarding-school. One enters the campus by "Emma Gate," and has his choice between "Ida Way," and "Flirtation Walk" (!), and before he completes the tour of the grounds, he crosses "Bettie's Bridge," "Nettie's Bridge," "Bertie's Bridge," "Victoria Bridge," "Mary's Bridge," winds around "Lake Saint Mary," and traverses "Anna Dale," "Camilla Dale," "Minnie Dale," "Ada Avenue," and "Flottie Way." There are just seven other names of paths which are not borrowed from the female sex. "Flirtation Walk" leads from "Via Curatorum," the main avenue, to the President's house! How long will it be before it is extended to "Elopement Gate"?

—Among the educational statistics of the month just elapsed, we do not know of any that surpass in interest those which are contained in the report of the Committee on Education and Agriculture in the Ockmulgee Council, Indian Territory. The various tribes which inhabit this reservation tax themselves annually to the amount of \$140,000 and upwards for schools attended by some five thousand children, the Choctaws having ten of their youth at college in the States, and the Chickasaws sixty, whose education in similar institutions outside the Territory is provided for at the rate of \$350 each per annum. It is, doubtless, from among these that the ranks of the teachers will be recruited when they return; and already there is a fair proportion of Indian teachers. As for the agriculturists, they are all prosperous, and many can afford to own and use the most improved machinery. By way of stimulus, however, the formation of agricultural societies is recommended. They would certainly mark, in the strongest way, the progress from nomad life to civilization. Encouraging as these facts are, the Cherokees are perhaps wise in opposing the movement to establish a regular Territorial government, as the associated tribes certainly are in not pushing the measure regardless of such weighty dissent. They can doubtless dispense with the costly forms of administration for a long time to come, better than risk anything by having their attention called away from the cultivation of the soil and the improvement of their minds, on which they must depend to maintain themselves aloof from the savages of the Plains, and in the "struggle for existence" with their white countrymen and fellow-citizens.

—Last year it was the Howes and Lymans, this year already the Mansfields have had their family gathering in Massachusetts, at which part of the attendance was from California and Louisiana. Evidently these reunions are going to form a fixed feature in the physiognomy of the New England summer, answering to the homeward flight at Thanksgiving, but commemorating a broader relationship. The intensity of this family feeling among New Englanders and their descendants is not generally realized even by those who are favorably situated for observing it. We have been forcibly impressed by a "List of American Families whose genealogies are being investigated, either in whole or in part, with a view to publication," which appears in the *New York Genealogical and Biographical Record* for July, where it occupies ten pages. The number of families enumerated in it is 308, concerning 168 of which the purpose of the compilers is to publish separate genealogies, the remainder being for the most part incidental to the chief object of research. The investigations which relate to New-England families number 125, or nearly two-thirds of the whole; 60 have regard to non-New-England families; and 63 are undesigned. This aggregate is greatly increased, if it be not doubled, by the fact that more than a dozen town, county, and State histories are in preparation, involving more or less

complete genealogies: Wallingford, Conn., for example, reckons 37. Any one who has ever been led into enquiries of this nature, knows by experience the value of co-operation, and can appreciate the service rendered by the *Record* in preparing this list. Probably almost every one of the investigators whose labors are here noticed will find some one engaged on a line which comes in contact with his own, with whom he can at once open a correspondence.

—From a rough comparison we judge that four-fifths of the names in the above list occur in the Catalogue of Harvard University (Triennial of 1872), the Index to which is a very interesting study. One may take about equal pleasure in the names which occur with the greatest frequency and those which have been borne by a single graduate of the University. If the first show the depth and solidity of New England culture, generation after generation returning to the source from whence its fathers had drawn their nourishment, the latter—the *novi homines*—show how widely beneficent the college has been and still is, more than ever. This distinction, however, is relative and not absolute. In several instances we have noticed that the *novus homo* of a century ago, having been reinforced of late, has become the leader of a line that may stretch out indefinitely. The Bowditches offer one of the most remarkable examples of a full list monopolized by a single family of the name; but they were new men in 1822, while the Saltonstalls—a still more remarkable example—show a period of two hundred years between the oldest and the latest graduate (1642-1848). So, among the more numerous, we have the Russells (1645), Phillips (1650), Parkers (1661), Winthrops (1668), Adamses (1671), Allens (1689), Perkins (1695), Gardners (1696), Parsons (1697), Quincy's (1699), who were ancients in respect to their successors the Otises (1707), Appletons (1712), Putnams (1717), Lowells and Parkmans (1721), Cabots and Holmeses (1724), Warrens (1725), Bartletts (1747), Bigelows (1766), ancients in their turn to the Lymans (1806)—names which are all identified with the best blood of Massachusetts. An examination of the classes that have graduated from the Academic Department in the five years 1867-71 (varying in strength from 77 to 155), gives an average of almost exactly twenty per cent. of the graduates per annum with whom the editor of the Catalogue has to open an account, as it were; the class of 1870 showed 20.4 per cent. of names unknown to the (Academic) Catalogue, yet, if we are not misinformed, six of its members (or about five per cent.) were sons of former graduates who were all classmates of each other.

—Some elaborate investigations on the origin of the population of Bremen are given in a new journal, the *Zeitschrift für deutsche Kulturgeschichte*, by the distinguished geographer and traveller, Mr. J. G. Kohl, whom some readers of the *Nation* must have met in this country years ago. Bremen was not, like Lübeck and many other German towns to the eastward, a German colony on a foreign, that is to say, a Slavic or Scandinavian, soil. The original settlers were fishermen, traders, sailors, etc., from the immediate neighborhood. Charlemagne probably introduced priests, officials, and nobles from the western countries. To the court of the puissant Bremen archbishops—the "little Rome of the North"—the nobility and gentry were attracted from all parts of Lower Saxony, and their descendants became a permanent part of the population. Commerce thrrove apace under the privileges accorded to the city by archbishops, kings, and cesars; emigrants came in from far and near, so that, by the middle of the thirteenth century, Bremen was a pretty populous and substantial town, and some time after became a member of the Hanse. From this time regular archives were kept, in which emigrants were registered as "New Burghers." The oldest Bremen "Burgher Book" begins 1299 and runs to 1519; it contains the names of all persons—some 13,000 in number—who presented themselves in that period before the Council "with sword and pike," afterwards "with musket and side-arms," attended by a "fidejussor," and swore allegiance to the city of Bremen. The proper names in the "Burgher Book" are instructive, as showing the gradual introduction of family names. No family names are found in the thirteenth century; in the fourteenth they are still uncommon; more common in the fifteenth; in the sixteenth universal. In the first part of the "Burgher Book" only Christian names occur, as "Henrich," "Ludolf," etc. But to distinguish people of the same baptismal name, an epithet was added, as "Gottfried parvus" (Godfrey Little), "Wilhelm kloke" (William Wise); or the occupation was mentioned, as "Alexander schomaker" (Alexander Shoemaker), "Peter tegeler" (Peter Tyler), "Rudolph sartor" (Ralph Taylor). In a great many cases the birthplace of the "new burgher" is given by the Latin *de*, as "Rotger de Wildeshausen" (Roger of Wildeshausen), and it is principally from such hints that Mr. Kohl has drawn his deductions. We cannot undertake to give the details and statistics of Mr. Kohl's paper, only mentioning that the American colony in Bremen—Bremen has long prided herself on her connection with America—num' red £59

in 1864 and 333 in 1867. But his monograph shows in an ingenious and authentic way from just what quarters the ravages of war, pestilence, and other destructive forces constantly making havoc in city life have been compensated in the particular case of Bremen. The "Burgher Books" may obviously yet be a mine of information to the philologist and the student of manners and morals. The state of the arts and trades, and the time when any particular luxury was introduced, might often be learned from the proper names. And, beside that, peculiarities of diction and dialect, local proverbs, customs, and laws, in short much of what gives a place its distinctive character, might by the aid of these registers be traced back to the original sources. Mr. Kohl has the material and the ability to make a very instructive book on his native city of Bremen.

—"Is there," writes a correspondent, "a more conclusive proof that a true equivalent to our 'listener' is unknown to the French than is given in the story of Madame de Staél? Her conversation was so invariably a brilliant monologue, that to decide a wager a dumb man was introduced into her presence. When asked how she had liked the gentleman, she replied that he was one of the most agreeable persons she had ever met. It seems clear, then, that 'les écoutants sont bien rares.' To be just—in a discussion in which we have not meant to have a *parti pris*—we must state that we are told that Balzac (in "César Birotteau," for example) clearly uses *écoutant* for "listener," while Victor Cherbuliez has, in his "Prosper Randoe" (p. 120 of the Paris edition), the following sentence: "Notre liaison lui plaît; il en sent le prix: je suis son écoutant d'office." This last we take leave to translate (in the interest of *Blackwood*), "I listen because I must."

—There were books of reference, short-cuts to knowledge, long before the hurry of our modern life began; but they have multiplied greatly of late. In what may be called chronological biography, in which hardly any facts in a man's life are thought worth recording except birth, marriage, and death, we have works of all sizes—from the little handbooks of Hole and of Martin to the great *Moniteur* of Oettinger, "contenant un million de renseignements." In general chronology there is no such Leviathan as Oettinger, and the works are of such parity of merit that it is difficult to choose among them. Munsell's "Every Day Book of History" (1858) we have found unreliable; Putnam's "World's Progress" (1851), supplemented by his "Ten Years of the World's Progress" (1861), needs another decennial supplement; so does Rosse's "Index of Dates" (in Bohn's Scientific Library, 1858-59), but for all history previous to the middle of this century, Rosse's is the most convenient manual we know; for a supplement one can use Ewald's "Last Century of Universal History" (1767-1867), or Irving's "Annals of Our Time" (1837-1871); but if one must have all in a single volume, Townsend's "Manual of Dates" (2d edition, 1867), contains a vast deal of matter and printed in very small type, and Haydn's "Dictionary of Dates" (13th edition, 1868, and short supplement which can be pasted in, 1871), has less matter, in larger type, and rather clumsily arranged. A new dictionary, calling itself an "Encyclopædia of Chronology," has just been published by B. B. Woodward, late Librarian of the Queen, and editor of the *Fine Arts Quarterly Review*, and W. L. R. Cates, already favorably known as the editor of a good "Dictionary of General Biography" (1867). Mr. Cates says that their encyclopædia is the result of twenty years' labor, and that it surpasses its competitors in accuracy as to dates, and in the judicious selection of articles. It certainly surpasses them in typographical appearance. The surviving editor, Mr. Cates, has adopted the practice first introduced by the Germans, and rapidly becoming common in grammars, dictionaries, catalogues, and other works intended not for continuous reading, but for hasty reference—of distinguishing the prominent words by heavy-faced type. The condensation, too, is satisfactory. One does not find, as in Allibone and in Thomas's Biographical Dictionary, sentence after sentence from which one longs to expunge words that would be well enough in an essay, but are utterly out of place in a work whose object is to furnish the utmost amount of information that can be packed in a manageable volume. Only by long use can one judge of the skill with which events have been selected for chronicling; from a short comparison we should think that the Encyclopædia excels its predecessors in this point also.

AN ENGLISH TOURIST AT THE SOUTH.*

PROBABLY there is no community in the world which presents social and political problems of such magnitude and difficulty as the reconstructed States of the South. The ruin and devastation of war they share with France; but France is a homogeneous nation, whose rapid and violent poli-

tical changes have been in the form of the supreme government, hardly at all in the administrative institutions with which the citizens come immediately in contact. The immense body of emancipated slaves they share with Russia; but Russia has a strong central government, its freed people are of the same race as its nobles, its changes are purely social, and, serious as are the difficulties which attend the disposition of landed property and local administration, its embarrassments are at any rate confined to these. Like Germany, they have upon their hands the organization of a new government; like Austria, they are distracted by conflicts of race and nationality; their finances are more hopelessly confused than those of Italy; brigandage and violence are more rife than in Spain; not even England has more to apprehend, although in a different shape, from the antagonism of labor and capital. Add to all these misfortunes which they endure in common with other countries, these which are peculiarly their own: that they find themselves in unwilling union with a nation from which they strove to be severed; that even in the management of their own affairs they are deprived of the co-operation and counsel of that class of citizens which has been most closely identified with their interests; and that they are subjected to a government probably the most sordid and vulgar that has ever ruled on so large a scale. We do not say that the South has not brought all these evils upon itself, or that it has not deserved them all, but it is for us to recognize in them the problem of our politics on the whole most urgent.

A study of the situation by an impartial and intelligent foreigner is therefore heartily to be welcomed; and we can find little to criticize in the spirit of Mr. Somers' book, or the diligence and accuracy of his observations. It is perhaps fair to infer from one or two casual expressions that he was a "Southern sympathizer" during the war; but we have met with nothing with which any candid friend of the North need quarrel. His strictures upon "carpet-baggers" and their misgovernment are mild compared with our own; he is as ready to look hopefully upon the future of the negroes as that of the Southern whites. The few expressions which might seem directed against the North as such are nearly all in reality based upon the Protective Tariff; and there is no want of readiness to give credit to the North for whatever it is doing in the regeneration of the South. He takes care to give praise to the Northern Mayor of Wilmington, and to tell us that it was a Bostonian who established the model hotel he found at Atlanta; and, while laughing good-humoredly at the innumerable Yankee notions and useless patents, he adds (p. 102): "Let a want, or a semblance of a want, be felt throughout the circumference of the Union, and 'a young man from the North' will immediately appear and fix it all up to satisfaction." Nay, he even enters, on p. 282, upon an elaborate apology for the financial policy of the United States, which he does not profess to defend, but does not feel disposed to censure too harshly.

It may be that Mr. Somers is of a sanguine temperament, or it may be that he was ready to be pleased. However this may be, it is satisfactory to find that his report is on the whole encouraging. He does not appear to ignore the many unfavorable signs—the ignorance and viciousness of the blacks, the defects of the labor system, the corruptions of politics, the general disorganization of society—all these are discussed at length, but the signs of promise are dwelt on with greater satisfaction and emphasis. And what is significant is, that nearly all these appear to be in themselves the results of the war and the abolition of slavery. The free schools established in all parts of the country, the freedmen's banks, the introduction of Northern and English machinery, the impetus to every branch of industry in respect as well to methods as to activity of industry, the elevation in the morals of the community, especially in the increased respect shown to the marriage relation, not only among the blacks, but also among the poor whites—all these are the direct results of emancipation. Even the immense beds of marl, which he thinks are the great financial resource of the seaboard States, would never have been discovered or utilized under slavery. And on the other hand he shows how, in more than one instance, the better classes have, by a vigorous effort, shaken off the rule of the corruptionists, and established a sound and efficient government.

The "Southern Question," as it now rises before our statesmen, consists of three principal elements—government, education, and labor. Education is gradually finding its own solution through the ambition of the blacks, the good sense of the whites, and the liberality of the North, as exhibited in the Freedmen's Bureau, the education societies, and the Peabody Fund. The Government, too, it may be hoped—from "carpet-baggism" on the one hand to "Ku-kluxism" on the other—will come to some definite issue as soon as the election is over. But the labor question is mainly social, and depends much less than either of the others upon institutions and legislations. Time and general laws must do most of the work in this field. It is here, therefore, that the observations of our author are most accepta-

* "The Southern States since the War. 1870-1. By Robert Somers." With Map. London and New York: Macmillan & Co. 1871. 8vo, pp. 286.

ble and instructive, and we will repeat in a few words the substance of his testimony.

As to the efficiency of negro labor he appears to have no question, and frequently repeats the emphatic testimony of the planters; as, for instance, p. 76, on the sea-islands of Georgia, "planters have declared to me that they could not do without the 'darkies' in the field, so superior are they to any white laborer that has yet been tried." Much, however, depends upon the mode in which the labor is employed and paid, and he frequently discusses the relative advantages of the wage and share systems, with a more and more decided leaning toward the former. "One may understand," he says, "how an agricultural communism among a group of people on a farm might be carried out; but the project would require an economy and mutuality of arrangement betwixt the members of the group to which there is no resemblance in the existing conditions of a Southern cotton plantation," p. 280. On p. 128 we find described in detail the "share system" generally prevailing in the Southern States, and it is not hard to recognize its unfairness. For, besides his half the crop, his cottage, wood, pasture, and other privileges, the negro has exemptions which are fairly equivalent to a considerable gross sum. "Though entitled to one-half the crop, yet he is not required to contribute any portion of the seed, nor is he called upon to pay any part of the taxes on the plantation." But what is of even more importance is the indifference of the laborer to anything but his own immediate profit. He enjoys all the advantages of ownership, with none of its burdens. "The negroes will do nothing but the work immediately about the crops in which they have a share. If cattle stray into the corn and cotton fields, the negro will often only drive them from his own part of the crop into that of the neighboring squad. As for fences in general, they are allowed without remorse to go to wreck," p. 146. He closes his discussion of the system with the remark that "its incompatibility with progress will be seen more and more clearly as the Southern farmers proceed to keep live stock, to introduce deep and steam ploughing, to diversify their crops, or to carry out any improvement on their lands," p. 281.

We are surprised, seeing the fulness with which the labor question is discussed, that we have very little information as to the change in the distribution of land since emancipation. One would hardly gather from these pages that there were any negro *proprietors* in the South; are we to conclude that these are so few as to escape notice? As to the wealth and abundance of land in the market, it is amply testified to. Further, we find gratifying witness to the advance made by "poor whites" in industry. To small farms, he thinks, rather than to large plantations, is due the recent increase in the cotton crop. "The hilly districts have long been inhabited by a poor white population, who have always produced more or less cotton. But the high value to which cotton was raised by the war, and the 'labor difficulty' of the larger plantations, have inspired them with new hope, life, and industry; and this class of growers have swelled considerably of late years the deliveries of cotton at the railway depots," p. 117.

So careful a writer ought not to be guilty of the inaccurate statement that "Columbia was completely burned down by Sherman in the war, the State House being almost the only building that was spared," both clauses being incorrect, and some "unrepentant" person—Sapphira, perhaps, though Ananias will do it too—having, we fear, relieved his spirit at the expense of exactness of statement. The description of "American" railroads, too, on p. 82, may be correct for the South; in the North it is not true that the conductor is, as a rule, called "Captain," or that "the habit of paying fares to the conductor has so grown that, even in the larger towns, nearly as many pass into the cars without tickets as with them." What are we to understand, moreover, by "There is seldom more than one newspaper editor 'on board'?" Does the "Greeley man" early kill the other? Or does he call the other a liar and get shot and thrown off?

The careful and often graphic descriptions are marred and deprived of their full effect by want of style and a very clumsy rhetoric, as shown in such expressions as the following: "By the war the South was peeled to the bone" (p. 40); "the negroes following up the childlike instinct of former days that Charleston was the El Dorado of the world" (p. 37); "a fatly protected class of Northern manufacturers" (p. 91); "criminals taken 'in' *flagrante delicto*" (p. 154). The following sentences will probably appear entirely without meaning, taken apart from the context; the author is speaking of the privileges of freedmen's labor, as compared with labor in the Old World: "The soul is often crushed out of labor by penury and oppression. Here a soul cannot begin to be infused into it through the sheer excess of privilege and license with which it is surrounded" (p. 129). The meaning at the best is to be got at only with difficulty.

Apart from the rhetoric, we have little but praise for the book; it will be found an interesting description of the state of society in the South, and a valuable collection of facts.

OURSELVES AS THE HEATHEN SEE US.*

OUR first obligation to Mr. Lamman is for the amount of information which his book contains concerning Japan—that sort of living Pompeii in its interest for us—although more definite particulars of the recent revolution by which feudalism was abolished and the country prepared for the rapid strides forward which it is now making would have added not a little to our indebtedness. Besides, we have from him a full account of the aims of the Japanese embassy, whose visit is certainly one of the most remarkable occurrences of the day; and, in addition, sundry essays written by different Japanese students in this country, which will measurably satisfy any curiosity we may entertain in regard to what other people think of us.

Every one will remember that common device of the last century of employing imaginary Persians and Chinese to scourge the follies of the day—a sort of literary masquerading that may be compared with the now fashionable whim of creating new and fantastic worlds. In those letters what was most foreign was the names they assumed; the eighteenth-century satirist was not hidden by his attempt at disguise. In these few essays, however, all of which were written by very young men, we find the judgments of foreigners, whose early education, whose cast of mind, whose prejudices are as different from ours as can well be imagined. Their work gives us very much the impression that we should get if we could dig up some ancient Roman—say Cicero, as an excellent specimen of an intelligent and cultivated man and a gentleman—should take him in a close carriage to "Oak Hall," or some other clothing "emporium," should there get him some modern raiment to replace the crowd-attracting toga, and then, in the new Pre-Raphaelite Latin, should explain to him, as best we might, the construction of the steam-engine, the *modus operandi* (as we should of course call it) of the telegraph, at the same time giving him a concise account of the history of America, the names of the Presidents, a discussion of the relative merits of Grant and Greeley, with a word or two about Europe, and should listen to his opinion of it all. The essays do not cover the whole ground, but not one of them is dull reading. The English is extremely good, and we shall quote below some specimens of the Japanese humor, of which the reader may also find some examples in Mr. Mitford's "Tales of Old Japan." The first essay, by Mr. E. R. Enouye, is entitled "The Practical Americans." Thus he lashes a not unknown class:

"Christianity teaches them that their souls live after their bodies, and therefore they must better the condition of their minds by the cultivation of virtues in this world. The money-loving Americans are doing just the opposite of this. . . . Without sympathy, without frankness and generosity of feeling, despising human nature, they have no more use for their riches than the Peruvians had for theirs before the Spaniards came to rob them. Some men find delight in the fine arts, in philosophy, in science, in the exercise of the benevolent and social affections; but they have no relish for these. They can no more detect beauties in them than a savage can appreciate all the intricate combinations of harmony in music. As to religion, they consent to pay their pew-tax and to be bored by an occasional sermon on Sunday for appearance' sake; but their real churches are their counting-houses, their real Bible their ledger, and, last of all, their real God is not Almighty God, but 'the almighty dollar.'"

In the introduction to this essay the writer says:

"Japan, before the late revolution, was undoubtedly the most aristocratic nation in the world. As is usually the case under such circumstances, the down-trodden mass of the people strikingly manifest that characteristic which is the subject of my present essay—namely, an acquaintance only with those ways of life which relate to the supply of the actual wants and necessities of mankind. . . . I, like any other thoughtless born aristocrat, despised this tendency of the commons. I acknowledge now that this was very unjust, but still something of this spirit will no doubt influence me in the decision of the great question now before us [Is it a disgrace to the Americans that they are a practical people?], and I request my kind readers to bear in mind this circumstance."

In no way could he better show his true aristocracy than by just this statement. Not all young men, even of civilized nations, are so ready to temper their denunciations. Shioji Takato favors the coeducation of the sexes, and supports his views by parables, as follows:

"Some say, the wives of officers have nothing to do in the offices, and the wives of merchants do not interfere in the business, consequently for women there is no need of such an education as that required for man. The opinion is worthy of the farmer in the old story, who, thinking that the trees and not the ground bore the fruits, scattered the fertilizers over the leaves and boughs of the trees, and left the ground unenriched and uncultivated. But ere his boast of the new economical invention spread to his neighbors, all his trees had died. If we are able to make the world fruitful by cultivating man only, leaving woman a desert, the trees of the farmer should have borne the fruit."

"When a tree is young it easily bends; a pin for a post and a thread for a rope are enough to twist it into any shape. A small rivulet can be stopped or led in any direction without difficulty, even by a single hoe in the hand

* "The Japanese in America." Edited by Charles Lamman, American Secretary of Japanese Legation in Washington. New York: University Publishing Company. 1872.

of a child. But after a tree has grown into a towering trunk, with its boughs mingling with clouds, or after a rivulet has become a mighty river with billions on its surface, and carrying millions of tons of soil every year, nothing in the world can either stop the one or bend the other. . . . It seems, then, to me, very foolish that men should attempt to prevent the occurrence of injuries by keeping their children separated closely one sex from the other. Two country people once caught two young foxes, and brought them home to domesticate; A put his fox into a yard with domestic fowls, while B kept his closely hidden away from the sight of fowls, fearing that the fox would catch them. But to the surprise of B, A's fox did no harm to the fowls, but played with them and slept with them, though it grew big and strong. So B, following the example of A, let his fox loose and free among the fowls that had been kept away from its eyes. But again, to his surprise, his fox caught one of the fowls and fled away with it. If we coeducate the sexes from their youth, as A did his young fox and fowls, I am certain that they will agree and dwell in concord, and no trouble will occur, provided the rules in the school are perfect and carefully observed. But if we should follow the policy of B, I am afraid, or rather sure, that at the time when the sexes reach their full age and are set free, the picnic and the party will become a scene of wrong and a field of shame, as when B's fox ran at large among the fowls of the yard."

Under the title of "The Chinese Ambassador in France," Mr. Toyama roundly abuses M. Thiers for the loftiness of his tone in addressing the Chinese Ambassador, and tries not to defend, but to explain, the ill-treatment that foreigners so often receive in that country. The essay is very well worth reading. In his admirable book, Mr. Pumppelly maintains the same side of the question, and this additional evidence only strengthens his position. For example :

"Thiers might say that the French have a great deal of prejudice against the Prussians; so the Chinamen have many prejudices against those nominal Christians who might be called the Shylockian Pecksniffs. . . . The hatred of foreigners occurs in two cases: when the people have mere prejudice against them, and when they have real cause of hatred on account of their haughty or impudent conduct, their disrespect to the natives, their disregard of the laws of the land, and, most of all, their violation and ridicule of their most sacred customs, which drive sometimes even the more civilized people into madness. . . . The conduct of the foreigners, excepting some of the better class of the missionaries and a few laymen, is a very shame to the name of Christianity and civilization, and retards the progress of both. They do not pay the prices of things they buy, and even the boat-fares required of them; but no sooner do they observe a shadow of discontent in the face of the person who demands it than the heavy cane is over his head. . . . It is in vain that some really good Christians try to persuade the natives that Christianity is the true religion of God while they are beset on all sides by these splendid specimens of nominal Christians; and when they look back at their conduct they would not find any reason why they should feel particularly ashamed before Christians."

More we need not quote to show the intelligence of these young men, the interest of their views to us, and the excellent way in which they express what they have to say. The last of the essays contains some translations of Japanese poems, about forty in number, which alone would make the book worth having. They are all short, some in their form resembling Greek epigrams and others common proverbs. The following was written by one of the emperors in a time of famine :

"I climbed the mountain, and, looking down, I saw the smoke rising from unnumbered dwellings, and so I was glad to believe that my people were in comfort, for I love them as a mother loves her children."

There are others of various sorts :

"When the moon is shining, the receding waves of ocean collect its light, and picture it in its fulness upon their bosoms, but soon they dash it upon the rocky shore, shattering it into unnumbered fragments."

"I do not know when my heart first began to love, but I do know that it is now yearning towards one of whom I have heard, but have never seen."

"Mournful to my heart are the sounds of autumn, as I hear them at the twilight hour passing over the thatched roof of my house, and the rice-fields growing near."

"Long a wanderer from my early home, I returned only to find that my friends did not remember me; but I remembered with rare pleasure the fragrance of the spring flowers."

"I did not wish to hear about the troubles of life, and so I fled far away to the distant hills, but even there I heard the painful cry of the wounded deer."

Of the proverbial phrases we find, for example :

"Although the walk of a cow is slow, she can, by perseverance, reach the distance of a thousand miles."

All of these short poems are familiar to the Japanese, high and low. We hope before many years to see a completer translation than this or Mr. Dickens's, which appeared about six years ago. The last half of the book contains the English translation of an account of America, prepared by Mr. Mori, the *chargé d'affaires* from Japan, for the use of his fellow-countrymen. It is interesting, concise, and, generally, very accurate. It contains a surprising amount of information in very little space.

How the World was Peopled. Ethnological lectures by Rev. Edward Fontaine, Professor of Theology and Natural Science; Member of the New York Historical Society, and the Academies of Sciences of New Orleans, Baltimore, etc. (New York: Appleton & Co. 1872.)—"By a diligent and reverent study of theology," begins our author, "and careful researches in archaeology, ancient and modern history, and every department of natural science, I was convinced that they (the races of men) were all descended from one original pair of parents." No one who has ever studied anything need be told that the man who could accomplish such a work must have the genius for omniscience of an Aristotle and the antiquity claimed for Old Parr. As might be expected, therefore, the writer shows himself profoundly ignorant on all the topics of which he treats. The absurdities of his book even reach the point where the whole thing becomes grotesque and amusing. He starts out to consider the objections to the "commonly-received theory that all mankind are the descendants of Adam and Eve," but says: "Among these objections I will not include the *theory of development, or the transmutation of species*, advocated by Lamarck, Darwin, and others." He thinks the absurdity of the matter has been sufficiently exposed by Lyell, Agassiz, Mivart, and other naturalists. His treatment of the little that is left of his subject after this all-including exception is made, is beneath criticism. The book might well be left silently to find its way back to the proper *nirvana* of such wretchedness—the paper-mill, were it not for a single consideration, viz., that it is not singular in its important characters; it is one of a class. It is a painful fact, but one that needs in the interests of the race to be frankly told, that whenever a clergyman writes a book on science the chances are immensely against our finding in it any trace of real scientific training, or even a conception of what constitutes scientific methods and work. He is likely enough to have read without discrimination few or many of the popular treatises by men of well-known names, but he is nearly sure to be as far away from the spirit and the important results of investigations as a Camaldoli monk. Whether this is something which our divinity schools might correct if they would, we cannot now stop to enquire; but if theologians feel that they must descend occasionally into the scientific arena, it is not too much to ask that they should prepare themselves. The reconciliation of science and religion in the clerical mind, before the attempt is made to bring it about in the lay understanding, is certainly the logical order of things.

The Picture Gallery. (London: Sampson Low & Co.; New York: Bremano.)—This work, of which six parts have thus far been issued, is a collection of photographs from engravings of the pictures, and in some cases of the pictures themselves, by English and American-English painters, which appear to the publisher the most likely to hit the taste of the so-called cultivated public. Each of the first three numbers contains four photographs—three from pictures and one from a statue; but the numbers for April, May, and June contain only three photographs each, and one of those in the April number is of a statue, so that, at the present rate, a good many numbers must be issued before the public that purchases the "Picture Gallery" will be able to form a reasonably thorough notion of contemporary and recent English art. We speak of this publication rather as thinking it a useful one in its intention, than as wishing to convey the notion that it is a conception well carried out; for English art, either of the present day or of the beginning of the century, is by no means the feeble, purposeless thing that it would appear to one who had nothing but this publication to judge it by. Nor would it have been ill advised to correct, as far as it is possible, the prevailing impression of the worthlessness of English sculpture, but such statues as "The Picture Gallery" gives us, F. M. Miller's "White Doe of Rylstone," Westmacott's "Elaine," can only serve to confirm it. The pictures in the "Picture Gallery" have been better selected than the statues, and with Landseer's "Shoeing the Bay Mare" and "Dignity and Impudence"; Maclise's "Preparing Moses for the Fair"; Mulready's "The Wolf and the Lamb"—a very clear and satisfactory photograph from the late J. H. Robinson's excellent engraving, and the same artist's "Choosing the Wedding Gown"; Leslie's "Uncle Toby and the Widow Wadman," with Sir Joshua's "Puck," and, perhaps, Lawrence's "Princess Charlotte," the purchasers of the "Picture Gallery" ought to be content. We should like, however, to have our own Stuart Newton better represented than by "The English Girl," a picture which is made to seem more insipid than it really is by having appended to it, by way of illustration, Wordsworth's lines, "She was a phantom of delight," etc. This is a very good example of what is known as the "Keepsake" style of beauty—a style once much in demand, but of which it is difficult for us in these days to understand how any one out of England, more especially if that any one were a Frenchman, and that Frenchman named Balzac, could ever have written, "La vue de son cousin fit sourdre en son cœur les émotions de fine volupté que causent à un jeune

homme les fantastiques figures de femmes dessinées par Westall dans les keepsakes Anglais, et gravées par les Finden d'un burin si habile, qu'on a peur, en soufflant sur le vélin, de faire envoler ces apparitions célestes." But "Eugénie Grandet," from which we quote these words, was written in 1833, when England and the English and English ways were the rage in Paris, for it was the era of good feeling.

Station Life in New Zealand. By Lady Barker. (New York: De Witt C. Lent & Co. 1872.)—We can recommend this book as being very lively and entertaining reading, which, without giving any statistics at all, succeeds not only in imparting a good deal of valuable information about New Zealand, but also in producing in the reader's mind a very clear impression of what life must be like there. It is in the form of letters written to friends at home by the wife of a New Zealand sheep-farmer. They are genuine letters, unlabored and informal, which, though they read pleasantly in print, need never have suggested to their original recipients that they were ultimately designed for that purpose. They record the various experiences of three years in the island, from 1865 to 1868, and give a very good idea of the climate and the scenery, of the risks run by the sheep-farmers, of the comforts and discomforts of domestic life, and are very well fitted to displease the reader with the commonplaces of ordinary civilization, and to make him long for the freedom and freshness of life under the less hackneyed form in which it is found in new countries. Not all colonists, however, have the gay cheerfulness which Lady Barker exhibits, nor her courageous determination to see everything on its bright side. With such "interior dispositions," it would be necessary for no one to leave home for pleasure nor old associations for freshness. Each of these letters is complete in itself, and presents a definite picture of domestic life, or of slightly hazardous adventure, in language so simple and precise that we should advise any one who has in hand the work of compiling new school-readers to include in his selections almost any half-dozen chapters of Lady Barker's volume.

BOOKS OF THE WEEK.

Authors.—Titles.	Publishers—Prices.
Aylton: A Tale, swd.	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.) \$0 40 (William Ridgway)
Browning (E.), Laws of Marriage and Divorce.	0 75
Cooper (J. F.), The Pathfinder, swd.	(D. Appleton & Co.)
Curtis (Rev. G. H.), Dissent in its Relation to the Church of England.	75
Dumas (A.), Countess of Charny, swd.	(Macmillan & Co.) 2 25
Eassie (W.), Healthy Houses.	(T. B. Peterson & Bros.) 1 00
Forrester (Mrs.), My Hero: a Tale.	(D. Appleton & Co.)
Grier (J. B.), Studies in the English of Bunyan.	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
Hammond (Mrs. A. F.), Josephine Eloise: a Tale, swd.	(Baltimore News Co.)
Hilldale (B. A.), Genuineness and Authenticity of the Gospels.	(Bosworth, Chase & Hall) 1 25
Kavanagh (Julia), Sybil's Second Love.	(D. Appleton & Co.)
Kingley (H.), Old Margaret: a Tale.	(J. B. Lippincott & Co.)
"Pennsylvania Dutch," and Other Essays.	
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Fine Arts.

THE STATUE OF SHAKESPEARE, BY J. Q. A. WARD.

MR. WARD'S idea in modelling his statue of Shakespeare for Central Park, New York, seems to have been to take the Stratford bust for a point of suspension, attach members to it in its own proportion and temperament, endow it with indications of brain, and repose in the result.

Mr. Ward is a man of originality and genius, and he has hardly faults enough for a sculptor to whom committeemen may give occasional commissions. His talent is very direct and manly, and when he has been allowed to follow the bent of it, or when his orders have fallen into the vein, he has produced those successes which are milestones in the history of our sculpture. His best work is the Simon Kenton model; with this one of his commissions, the Seventh Regiment soldier, affiliates; his Indian Hunter must, on the whole, be regarded as a success, though the pose is said to be borrowed, and the muscles are not savage muscles; the Bondsman has great merit, too, though it is a thing of squares and corners, and though it seems to be eternally saying, with a negro's importance, "Mr. Chairman, I rise to a point of order." Looking over this little list, we see a procession of attitudes and conceptions, all stamped with a kind of rugged novelty, and already a fine capital for any artist. It is observable that a kind of frieze-like order runs through them: each hero is a son of the soil, developed in the strength and ingenuity of the natural man, and engaged with circumstance in some kind of battle or self-assertion; the successive attitudes would do for a bas-relief around a gladiator's shield. Arguing from their merit, and recollecting that human power runs in channels, we should begin to doubt whether the artist

would prove equally inspired in every kind of subject. We should have doubts of him in his conception of female beauty. Mr. Ward, in effect, after a lifelong hesitation in exhibiting a female figure, accepted from an insurance company here an order for a feminine subject, one of those benevolent angels or allegories of Average so familiar to the survivors of the insured. And he has produced a goddess of whom we will only remark that we always fancy his own Indian Hunter saying his prayers to it in a rapture, as savage tribes do to the figure-heads from shipwrecked vessels. Another kind of tentative before which Mr. Ward would have appeared to us as a problem would be the incarnation of contemplative intellect. In the presence of Shakespeare Mr. Ward is solved and Shakespeare—is not.

Mr. Ward's Shakespeare is a stout, large-headed, broad-shouldered man, in a simple doublet and hose, without a hat, yet draped in the short Elizabethan cloak, which depends from one shoulder, and passes under the other to be caught on the forearm. So far there is an agreeable show of placing before us a live, conceivable human being, in the proportions and habit of ordinary existence. The figure walks with a free and nimble motion for so heavy a man, bends its head forward on its chest, swings its mantle with a kind of romantic wave of its hips, and catches its gait with a break in both knees, often used on the theatrical stage to express meditation. And it is here, in the posture, the presence of the figure, that the disappointment occurs. The proportions are the unidealized ones of a class of heavy, ruminant men. It is conceivable enough that Shakespeare was one of that sort of men; but persons of such a build have a set of motions of their own, in which directness and brusquerie play an eternal part. It is only on the stage that actors who have in their day been lighter, teach themselves to advance from the wings with a graceful dawdle, and vacillate upon their hinges with self-repentant motions. In truth, the movement of the statue is that of an actor training himself to portray deep thought. The handsomely-modelled hands are disposed about the upper part of the person; one has the fingers plunged here and there in the leaves of a book, so as to mark several places at once; the other, less expressive, applies its knuckles to the crest of the iliac bone. The whole figure, very heavy in the torso, from the accumulation of so much drapery, and both the elbows, is poised upon the left heel, which seeks its proper place beneath the head; but the right leg is thrown so far out, to assist the artist's desired expression of a walking action, that the mass seems decidedly to lean over the base towards the left, creating an irresistible impression of tumbling. The flexed and actively-bending legs, on whose treatment so much depends, are not altogether just in movement; the calves are rather swelled than hardened by the effort, and have a blistery look; while, especially on the right side, the broken line of both limbs, uncorrected by any skilful evidence of muscular action, weakens the pose very considerably.

The whole statue (measured from the photograph, which would never magnify the proportions of the upper part) is six-and-a-half of its heads in height—a ratio that would have made an old Greek faint.

The large head is powerfully treated, and is nearly a grand work. The look of introversion in the eyes, and the spaciousness and modelling of the forehead, are successful. The bulbous look of the muscles of the brow is probably not directly a fault of the modelling, but an exaggeration of the high-lights on the glossey bronze; it was less apparent in the plaster state of the work. Concerning the nose, it is a creation of Mr. Ward's own, differing from all the portraits. He has the opinion, which he demonstrates very convincingly, that the sculptor of the Stratford head broke the tip of the nose by some accident, and then mended his job in the best way he could, shaping the wings very high up against the cheek, rounding the point, but leaving the insertion of the dividing cartilage on the lip in its first position, and a great deal lower than the wings. These signs may be seen on any of the plaster masks exported from Stratford. Mr. Ward has, perhaps, over-corrected the accident. The profile has a decidedly nutcracker appearance, and the peak of the nose prolongs and attenuates itself into the atmosphere in a way which is mysterious and threatening in a twilight view.

We have done this statue the justice to criticise it from a high standpoint. Among the hosts of bad Shakespeares contributed to art—Faed's Shakespeare pointing to its temples, Kaulbach's Shakespeare chewing its gums, the ordinary statuette folding its legs in a superior manner before a pedestal—the present work's eminence is very great. It is expressive, ardent, and romantic, and the technical touch is beautiful. We are only waiting for a Shakespeare to seize the chisel!

When the critic approaches the present statue with compasses, he cannot make it add up right. When he covers it with one of those deliberate, considerate, half-winks of the eye which are so simple and so irrefutable in criticism, he finds it a good Shakespeare, but somewhat poetic, somewhat *bourgeois*, somewhat in the spirit of a celebration ode or a dinner-table panegyric.

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